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**RECITATIONS
AND MONOLOGUES**

HASLUCK'S SERIES OF RECITATIONS

RECITATIONS AND MONOLOGUES

RECITATIONS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
(Revised Edition)

RECITATIONS FOR LADIES
(Revised Edition)

RECITATIONS FROM DICKENS

MORE RECITATIONS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YES, PAPA, AND OTHER MONOLOGUES (by
Grete Hahn)

ELOCUTION AND GESTURE

RECITATIONS AND MONOLOGUES

COMPILED AND ADAPTED BY
ALICE HASLUCK

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
SIR FRANK BENSON

SECOND EDITION



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INTRODUCTION

LET me hear a Nation's Song Words and I'll tell you the measure of her glory. And by song word is meant the quickening word that has caught the music of active feet, strong arm, skilful hand, and stout heart—vibrant with rhythms of Life. Judged by this standard I think Mrs. Hasluck has been as successful in selecting suitable song words as she has been in teaching students to sing them in her well-known School of Elocution and Drama. In the process many qualities are required, many are developed. Clear speaking is impossible without clear thinking. When, in addition, we have learned to suit the word to the action, the action to the word, we are gaining power to hold the mirror up to Nature, to discover to ourselves and to others in that mystic looking-glass "That of ourselves which we yet know not of." Again, in order that the word may be understood of the people, besides understanding the word we have to understand something of the people to whom we are singing; we have to enter into the life cosmic and particular of all created things. Sympathy and knowledge must help us hand in hand that each one of our audience, with all its variant qualities and undeveloped possibilities, may go away saying "That's me," each one having taken to himself the collective and the individual meaning of the Song. Further, there is

needed an appreciation of the modesty of nature and the value of that temperance that gives all smoothness. All these qualities and many others, such for instance as grace of body, and intensification of vitality, are needed for dramatic expression. Drama implies that these qualities are expressed in terms of Life and Action, of doing and being, and, therefore, it is not strange that the representative singer of our strong silent race, who prefers deeds to words, should be a Dramatist.

I think that Mrs. Hasluck has skilfully collected a worthy textbook for the service of song words. I wish at this launching of her ship—laden with rare merchandise—that it may have a fair and prosperous voyage and richly come to shore at many a port across the unknown sea.

FRANK R. BENSON

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PREFACE

ALL the Recitations herein are possible and effective when given by reciters of versatility.

Those who specialize in any one form of work will find here many selections to meet their requirements.

The pieces vary from the lightest of encore snatches through a wide range of comedy, quaint fancy, pathos and tragedy, to poesy of imagery and ethical value.

As in previous compilations, I express regret that in my cut versions I have had to omit much that is of literary value, and I must again urge upon reciters, not only the advisability, but the absolute necessity, of comparing these adaptations with the originals. Only by a study of the whole can the perfect "atmosphere" of the subject be grasped. Authors of ability visualize with such accuracy that much may be learnt in regard to the voice and gesture of their creations;—spoken details of which are hardly to be counselled in a dramatic recital.

Alice HASLUCK

25, BLOMFIELD COURT,
MAIDA VALE,
LONDON, W.9.

RECITATIONS AND MONOLOGUES

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

“**L**OVE,” said the king. “Pooh! I don’t believe in love,” and having said this in the proud manner of his youth—the king was just seventeen—he walked away over the downs to a farm, and straightway fell in love. The which seems a bald statement, but what is so bald as a boy?

Apart from this, a maid, and a dairy, a fine complexion, *and* an April day—all together—are the very devil.

The king walked, breasting the wind, and filling his being, if he had only known it, with the devil-may-care spirit of April. He strolled up the hill with a primrose stalk between his lips, heart-whole, *but* bursting with undefined longings. Cecily, the milk-maid, sang at her work and hoped without knowing that boys would be boys.

The dairy stood a little way from the farm buildings. A window looked on to the paddock and the king stood, listening. He could hear Cecily slapping and patting butter on a board and singing to herself.

The modest daisy at her feet,
The violet with perfume sweet,
The flowers for couch, the sky above,
But never, never anyone to love.

[In the event of the reciter being able to sing this is suggested as a melody.

A. H.

The modest dal-sy at her feet, The vi-o-let with perfumesweet, The flow'rs for

couch, the trees a - bove— But nev-er an - y one to love!

rall. *dim. sost.*

rall. *dim. sost.*

Dame Nature was busy sowing her spring gown, the air was charged with promise, and boys were going to be boys. Now Cecily did not know the king by sight, but he knew her.

He could hear her trotting over the brick floor, hear her skirts swish against the wooden milk pails. He felt the blood rising to his cheeks and thought it was the April wind. So it was—the April wind is charged with more things than dust and flying leaves. Cecily came to the window and threw out some water from a wooden bowl—and saw the king standing there.

“Lord have mercy on us, boy, you scared me out of my life.” The king stood awkwardly looking at her, she was so fresh and pretty. “La, gowk, what ails you? La, what’s the matter, all eyes.”

“Oh! I was passing.”

“La, then you’re free to pass,” she laughed and

drew back into the dairy. Something seemed to have dulled the king, he felt so hopeless. The head came out of the window again.

"Still there, moonstruck?" On a sudden a happy inspiration came to the king. "Could I have a bowl of milk?" he asked. How his heart beat till she came to the window again.

"Here you are, pretty boy." Pretty boy, indeed—what indignity.

"I thank you, pretty girl."

"Who taught you to make pretty speeches?"

Heavens above! who did indeed?—It's a secret—and it isn't. Kittens catch mice as soon as they dare, and birds—well, look at the young cockrell in the farmyard, airing his paltry plumage and eyeing his prospective wives. He took the bowl, and as he raised it to his lips he looked across at her.

She leaned out of the window. "I'm looking for a young man," said she.

The milk splashed the king's tunic. "How would I suit?"

"Not tall enough. No, not nearly tall enough for what I need. I want my man to reach me down the moon. All women want the moon."

The king came a step nearer to the window. Ah, he was not far off now. "What is your name?" he asked. "I'm sure it's a pretty one. Will you give me three guesses?"

He was safe because he knew her name already. Is the beginning of love always the beginning of deceit?

"Guess away, sir."

"If I guess right will you give me a prize?"

A prize! How does the devilish ingenuity of Cupid creep in just at the right moment? Well, this is not a question of morals. Now the king was standing by

the window. Mind you, one cannot help these situations. Wink your eye and swallow your text-books—it's April—it's April.

"Guess away, sir; we'll settle the prize afterwards."

"Alice?"

"Wrong."

"Emily?"

"Wrong again. Now for the last."

"Cecily," he said triumphant, but his new deceit failed him, for his voice showed that he had known all the time.

"Of course you knew."

"Cecily, there was talk of a prize."

"I must get to my work," she replied, turning away.

Stupid boy, he didn't know what was expected of him. Cecily went back to her work. He could hear her scrubbing in the dairy.

"Cecily." No answer. "Cecily, I've a most amusing story for your ear."

She smiled to herself, this merry maid, because being twenty she knew April's breath and loved it well. She came to the window again. She was a cuddlesome thing framed by the window. She turned a quarter of her face to him—a rosy field waiting to be planted with harmless kisses. Still he hesitated, and while he waited Cecily thought he was hopeless. She turned and went back to her work.

Suddenly she called, "Oh! oh! Come. Help! help!"

In a moment the king was through the window—the window is love's front door. "I have a fly in my eye, get it out for me quickly." He came up to her, her hand over her eye. In the cool light of the dairy, she looked prettier than ever. The artful rogue put up her face quite close to his and showed one eye closed

—April's crest. He stood nervous for a moment, then put one hand under her chin, the other to her eye, and softly pushed the lid up. There was no fly. At once he saw the whole idea, blushed crimson, then planted a kiss upon her cheek.

"Goody me!" she said, "I thought you'd never do it. Now, high and mighty, perch yourself on the table while I brisk up and swab the floor." Nimbly he leapt upon the table and sat swinging his legs. To the king, the kiss was a great action. He was as proud of himself as if he was the first in the world who had ever kissed a milk-maid in April. As he sat swinging his legs, his shyness left him, and he talked while Cecily swabbed the floor and listened, when she thought she would. That didn't matter; boys don't want listeners, they want to talk. And like a boy, he talked about the things which interested him and not of those which might amuse the girl. Hawking! his horses! his skill with the bow! and still Cecily never guessed who he was.

As he talked the thought of the kiss heartened him, and now that he was free of the orchard, he wanted another plum.

"Cecily, Cecily, I have a secret for your ear." She knew, the roguish maid—she knew and smiled. She came, avoiding the pools of water with her clogs and stood temptingly near. He slipped his arm round her waist, and kissed her cheek again. The brief enjoyment of his gallantry was snatched from him in a moment, because Cecily boxed his ears. Her laughter rang out, then stopped suddenly, as the door opened and her father entered. The farmer looked at them, looked again, open-mouthed at the king, then dropped on one knee on the wet floor.

"Your Majesty's humble servant."

"Oh, goody, and I've just boxed his ears."

"Cecily," roared the farmer, "ye shameful hussy."

"Good man," said the king, "let me explain, the maid but thought to kill a wasp upon my cheek."

"Oh," from Cecily.

The farmer looked from one to the other and a faint smile hovered about his lips.

"And for her prompt action," the king continued, "I wish to reward the maid with this chain which hangs about my neck as a small token of my gratitude.

Cecily came near and dropped a curtsy.

As he put the chain about her neck, he winked.

Spring's heraldry is a field of green, charged with primroses in gold; for crest, an eye half closed; motto, "Boys will be boys."

Adapted from "King Peter,"

DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

Inserted by kind permission of the Author

THE BURGLAR

SCENE.—Sitting Room—Small revolver lying handy with work-basket, books, newspapers and small clock on table—Door supposed to lead to entrance hall and front door.

WELL now, I really think I've done all that is necessary for my safety—I've put the chain on the front door, made the kitchen fire quite safe, bolted the scullery door and all the windows, and sent the maid to bed. Now I can sit down for a nice cosy time all to myself until Jim comes home.

Oh! I am glad I'm not one of those silly, stupid, timid creatures who are afraid to be left alone an hour or so after dark. When Jim told me he could not get home before the midnight express, I was quite proud to be able to show him how brave I am—Jim does so admire brave women. Jim's sister Kitty would have come for the night, but she had promised to go to the Gleemans' Concert, so she could not have got here till quite late and she is such a chatterbox that I would much rather be by myself. I am not a bit afraid. . . ; I've got Jim's revolver in case burglars should come. but what nonsense—they won't come. I won't think about it . . . but even if they did I should merely walk up to them so—take my position so—and say—now what should I say?—"Your money or your life!" . . . No, of course not, that's what he would say to me. Oh, I know. "Hands up—or I fire!" Yes, I rather

like that—"Hands up or I fire!" then I should point at him so—and he would walk in front of me so—until I had marched him to that cupboard door, then I should open the door with this hand, and with the revolver held so, I should compel him to enter the cupboard. Then I should close and bolt the door and telephone for the police. It does sound easy—really I should quite enjoy it. (*Accidentally knocks over chair.*) What was that? Oh! I thought it must be some one coming—it quite startled me. (*Picking up chair and sitting down. Begins knitting.*)

Just fancy Jim and I have been married six months and this is the first evening I've been left all alone—dear boy. What time is it now? (*Looking at clock.*) Ten o'clock and he will be home at 12.30. Oh, the time will soon pass.

How strange and quiet it seems to be all alone, and how creepy! . . . I rather wish Kitty was here after all—she would have been company. . . . Oh, I'm glad Jim isn't away every night. What's that? (*As a slight sound is heard.*) Oh, it must have been the wind. My heart quite beats. . . . I had no idea that I was so stupid, but there seem such weird sounds about and such strange shadows—and how the ticking of the clock sounds—(*wraps clock in knitting*)—every corner of the room seems to have a ghost hidden in it. . . . I won't look. . . . No, there are no such things as ghosts! I am not nervous, no, not one bit. . . . Good idea—I'll read out loud to myself for company. Now, what shall I read? (*Picks up a Shakespeare from piano or table top.*) Why, Shakespeare—that's just the thing to improve my mind. (*Sits.*) Hamlet—Um!—"enter ghost with Hamlet"—doesn't look very cheering; but I simply won't have this ridiculous nervy feeling. I'll read it until I feel brave. (*Reads.*)

"I am thy father's ghost—doomed for a certain time to walk the earth. ("Ugh!" . . . *Shudders and looks nervously under chair.*)

"I could a tale unfold. Whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood, make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres—(*shivers*); thy knotted and combed locks to part, and each particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon a porcupine."—(*Rises.*) Oh! how horrible! if I read any more of that wretched ghost story, my hair will stand up like bristles on a porcupine—I can feel it coming on now—and I don't want to scare Jim to death when he does come home. No more mind improving for me—I'll try the newspaper. (*Gets newspaper and reads extracts.*)

What's this?

Oh, the usual thing—"bride looked ravishing in—Duchess satin—train and pearls—travelling dress—Wedgewood blue—hat to match."

Quite a long list of presents, just the thing to attract a burglar. . . .—Oh dear!

I can't get burglars and ghosts out of my brain. Why do I keep thinking of them? (*Turns over paper and reads.*) Why——

"Housebreaking. . . . Burglars at large. . . . 65, Roehampton Road." Why, that's only the next street to ours. . . . I must read it.

"On Wednesday night, No. 65, Roehampton Road, the house of Mr. William Jones was broken into. . . . Sixty pounds in cash, beside many valuables, were stolen. . . .

"Mrs. Jones, who was alone in the house at the time, excepting her maid, who had gone to bed"—(*Repeats to herself, with a scared face*: Alone in the house excepting the maid, who had gone to bed")—"was dragged

round the house by her hair and violently thrown down the cellar stairs——” (*Breaks off nearly crying and flinging down paper.*) Oh, how awful! I won’t read it, no, I won’t. Supposing it happened to me. Oh, what shall I do? . . . I can’t read Shakespeare and I can’t read the paper. . . . I’m quite sure my hair is turning grey. . . . I will never be left alone again—never, however much Jim admires brave women. . . . I feel quite sure burglars will come. . . . What time is it—quarter past ten—two whole long, dreary, lonely hours before Jim comes home. Oh, Jim darling, I do wish you were here now. . . . I wonder if I dare go upstairs to Mary. (*Goes to door and jumps back as a loud noise is heard.*)

What’s that? Where’s the revolver? . . . It’s the burglar,—I knew he would come. . . . What shall I do? . . . I must shut him in the cupboard. (*Kneels on floor and hides behind chair.*) Your money or your life—hands up or I fire! . . . Oh, I wonder if he will drag me round the house by my hair and throw me down the cellar. . . . Hands up!—(*Bobs under table as another noise is heard.*) Hands up!—don’t come—please, please don’t (*coming out from hiding place.*) (*Bobs back quickly as another noise is heard.*) Oh—hands up! . . . Why doesn’t some one come? . . . I’ll never be left alone again—I shall be murdered. . . . (*Cries.*)

There’s some one coming at last. I’m saved . . . It sounds like Jim’s voice (*rising and going to the door*). It is . . . Thank goodness, I’m saved! My Jim has come home in time to save me from being murdered by a burglar. . . . Jim! . . . Why, there’s no burglar, only Jim. . . . Why, he’s unlocked the door and can’t get in because of the chain. . . . I mustn’t let him see how nervous I’ve been because he admires

brave women. (*Hiding revolver.*) He must not see this revolver, I'll hide it. (*Calling out into the hall so audience can hear perfectly.*) All right, Jim, I'm coming. . . . Just let me pop on my slippers, I've been toasting my toes by the fire. . . . Finished business earlier than you thought and caught the ten train instead of the 12.30. . . . I'm so glad. . . . Was I nervous! No, of course not. I've been reading Shakespeare and the paper and all sorts of interesting things—to improve my mind. . . . Come in—and tell me all your news.

LILIAN BIRD

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Mrs. ALICE HASLUCK

THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

LONGFELLOW

BEWARE

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

LONGFELLOW

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
 And made forlorn
 The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And in despair I bowed my head ;
“ There is no peace on earth,” I said ;
 “ For hate is strong,
 And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep :
“ God is not dead ! nor doth He sleep !
 The Wrong shall fail,
 The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”

LONGFELLOW

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
Ring out false pride in place and blood :
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON

THE VOW

THE Scene is in Labrador ; the place, a low hut, the home of a hunter. Outside is the drifting snow.

On a bed of wolf-skins lay a boy of nine years, and beside the bed sat the hunter. "Father, why don't mother come back?" The man shook his head and made no reply. "She'd come if she knew I was hurted, wouldn't she, father?" The father nodded and turned restlessly toward the door, as if expecting some one. "Suppose the wild-cat had got me, mother would be sorry when she comes, wouldn't she?" There was no reply. The man uncovered the boy's knee, which was swollen; so was the shoulder. Both bore the marks of teeth—where a wild-cat had made havoc. After bathing the wounds, the hunter again covered the small body. For weeks he had listened to the same kind of talk from his wounded, and, as he thought, dying child, and he was getting less and less able to bear it. At last the boy closed his eyes and seemed about to fall asleep, but presently looked up and whispered, "Father, I haven't said my prayers yet, have I?" The man shook his head in confusion. "I can pray out loud if I want to, can't I, father?" "Of course, Dominique; of course." "I forget a good many prayers, but I think I know one all right. It isn't one out of

the book Father Corrairie sent mother; it's one she taught me out of her own head. Perhaps I'd better say that one." "Perhaps, if you want to." The voice was husky. The boy began:

" 'O bon Jesu, who died to save us from our sins, listen. When the great winds and rains come down from the hills, do not let the floods drown us, nor the snow-slide bury us. O gracious Saviour, keep us from getting lost——' "

"Father, do you think mother's lost?" "Mebbe so, mebbe so."

" 'And if mother's lost, bon Jesu, bring her back again to us, for everything's going wrong since mother went away.' "

Then, making the sign of the cross, the boy lay back and closed his eyes.

The man sat for a long time looking at the pale face, and the longer he sat the deeper did his misery sink into his soul. His wife had gone, he knew not where; his child was wasting to death. When he married sweet Lucette his religion reached little further than superstition. His life had been spent in the wilds, and a youth of hardships had given him a half-barbarian temperament, which could strike an angry blow at one moment and fondle to death the next.

His wife had striven with him for years, mourning, yet loving. Sometimes the savage in him had broken out over the little creature—torture followed by the passionate caress. And how was she to understand him? When, one bitter day, she fled from their home as he roared wild words at her, it was because her nerves had all been shaken and his violence drove her mad. She had run out of the house, and on, and on—and she had never come back. That was weeks ago, and there had been no word, no sign of her since. The man was

now busy with it all, and his eyes had a hungry, hunted look. He touched the boy's hand—it was hot with fever; he felt the pulse—it ran high; he watched the face—it had a glowing light. With a sudden blind humility he rose to his feet, lit two candles, and placed them on a shelf before a figure of the Virgin, as he had seen his wife do. Solemnly he touched the foot of the Christ on the Cross with his finger-tips and brought them to his lips with reverence. After a moment, standing with eyes fixed on the face of the crucified figure, he said: "Pardon, bon Jesu! Save my child! Leave me not alone!" The boy murmured an "Amen" and fell asleep.

Outside, a figure approached the hut—a man; who raised his hand as in benediction, and after tapping softly, opened the door and entered. "Peace be unto this house!" The hunter started. "Monsieur le curé!" he exclaimed; "Ah, the boy! Dominique is ill, Bagot?" "A wild-cat and then fever, Père Corraïne." The priest felt the boy's pulse softly. "Your wife, Bagot?" "She is not here, Monsieur." "Where is she, Bagot?" "I do not know, Monsieur." "Bagot, you have been a rough, hard man, and you have been a stranger to your God, but I thought you loved your wife and child."

The hunter's hands clenched and a wicked light flashed into his eyes. The priest sat down beside the child, and took the fevered hand in his. "Stay where you are, Bagot—just where you are—and tell me what your trouble is." "I don't know how it started. I—I laid my powder horn and whisky-flask—up there!" (He pointed to the little shrine of the Virgin, where his candles were now burning.) "Lucette had put some flowers there. She threw the things down, and called me a heathen and a wicked heretic—I don't say now

but she'd a right to do it,—but I said something pretty rough ; I said that there was enough powder spilt to kill all the priests in heaven, and I made as if I was going to break her in two. She threw up her hands with a wild cry, ran out of the house, and away. I've hunted and hunted, but I can't find her."

Once again the priest glanced toward the lighted candles, and then he said : " Listen. Three weeks ago I was camped on the Plains. In the morning I saw coming a band of Indians, and as they came near, I saw that they had a woman with them." " A woman ! —my wife ! " " Your wife, Bagot." " Quick ! Quick ! Go on—oh ! go on, Monsieur—" " She fell at my feet begging me to save her, but I waved her off." " You wouldn't—wouldn't save her—you coward ! " " Hush ! I asked the chief where he had got the woman. He said he had found her on the Plains—she had lost her way. I told him I wanted to buy her. He said that he had found her, and she was his, and that he would marry her when they reached the camp of the tribe. I was patient. It would not do to make him angry. I told him the things that I would give for her—shot, blankets and beads. He said no, no he would not. God knows it was a big bill—it would keep me poor for ten years. To save your wife, John Bagot, you who drove her from your door, blaspheming and railing at such as I ! He said he must have the woman for his wife. I said, ' She is white, and the white people will never rest till they have killed you if you do this thing.' Then he said, ' The whites must catch me before they kill me ! ' What was there to do ? "

" You let her stay with them—you, with hands like a man ? "

" Hush ! I was one man, they were twenty." " Why didn't you offer spirit ? They'd have done it for that

—one—five—ten kegs of spirit !” “ You forget that it is against the law, and that, as a priest of my order, I am vowed to give no spirit to an Indian.” “ A vow ! A vow ! Son of God, what is a vow to a woman—to my wife ? ” “ Perjure my soul ! Break my vow in the face of the enemies of God’s Church ! What have you done for me that I should do this for you, John Bagot ? ” “ Coward. Christ Himself would have broken a vow to save her ! ” “ Who am I that I should teach my Master ? What would you give Christ, Bagot, if He had saved her to you ? ” “ Give—give ! I would give twenty years of my life ! ” Holding up the crucifix the priest said, “ On your knees and swear it, John Bagot ! ” The tall hunter dropped to his knees and repeated the words. The priest turned to the door and called, “ Lucette ! ” The boy, hearing, waked and cried, “ Mother ! Mother ! ” as the door flew open. The mother ran to her husband’s arms, laughing and weeping, and an instant afterward was pouring out her love and anxiety over her child.

“ John Bagot, in the name of Christ I demand twenty years of your life—of love, of service, and of obedience to God. I broke my vow ; I perjured my soul ; I bought your wife with ten kegs of spirit ! ”

The tall hunter dropped again to his knees, and the priest, laying the crucifix against his lips, said in his rich, soft voice, “ Peace be unto this house ! ”

And there was peace, the child lived, and the man has kept his vow.

From “ An Adventurer of the North,” by
SIR GILBERT PARKER (Methuen)

Inserted by kind permission of the Author

THE WHIRLIGIG OF LIFE

JUSTICE-OF-THE-PEACE BENAJA WIDDUP sat in the door of his office smoking. Up the road came a sound of creaking axles, then a cloud of dust, and then a cart bearing Ransie Bilbro and his wife. The cart stopped at the Justice's door, and the two climbed down. Ransie was a narrow six feet of sallow brown skin and yellow hair. The imperturbability of the mountains hung upon him like a suit of armour. The woman was calicoed, angled, and weary; but through it all gleamed a faint protest of cheated youth unconscious of its loss.

The Justice moved to let them enter.

"We wants a divo'ce" said the woman. She looked at Ransie to see if he noted any flaw or ambiguity in her statement of their business.

"A divo'ce," repeated Ransie, with a solemn nod. "We can't get along together nohow. It's lonesome enough fur to live in the mount'ins when a man and a woman keers fur one another. But when she's a-spittin' like a wild-cat, a man ain't got no call to live with her." "When he's a-traipsin' along of scalawags, and moon-shiners, and a-layin' on his back pizen 'ith co'n whisky, and a pesterin' folks with a pack o' hungry houn's to feed!" "When she keeps a-throwin' skillet lids, and slings b'ilin' water on the best coon-dog in the hills, and sets herself ag'in' cookin' a man's victuals,

and keeps him awake o' nights accusin' him of a sight of doin's ! ” “ When he's al'ays a-fighting the revenues, and gits a hard name in the mount'ins fur a mean man, who's gwine to be able fur to sleep o' nights ? ”

The Justice of the Peace stirred deliberately to his duties. He opened his book of statutes and scanned the index. “ The law and the statutes,” said he, “ air silent on the subject of divo'ce as fur as the jurisdiction of this co't air concerned. But, accordin' to equity and the Constitution and the golden rule, it's a bad barg'in that can't run both ways. If a justice of the peace can marry a couple, it's plain that he is bound to be able to divo'ce 'em. This here office will issue a decree of divo'ce and abide by the decision of the Supreme Co't to hold it good.”

Ransie Bilbro drew a small tobacco bag from his pocket. Out of this he shook upon the table a five-dollar note. “ Sold a b'arskin and two foxes fur that, it's all the money we got.”

“ The regular price of a divo'ce in this co't,” said the Justice, “ air five dollars.” He stuffed the bill into the pocket of his vest with a deceptive air of indifference. With much bodily toil and mental travail he wrote the decree upon half a sheet of foolscap, and then copied it upon the other. Ransie Bilbro and his wife listened to his reading of the document that was to give them freedom :

“ Know all men by these presents that Ransie Bilbro and his wife, Ariela Bilbro, this day personally appeared before me and promises that hereinafter they will neither love, honour, nor obey each other, neither for better nor worse, being of sound mind and body, and accept summons for divorce according to the peace and dignity of the State. Herein fail not, so help you God. Benaja Widdup, Justice of the Peace.”

The Justice was about to hand one of the documents to Ransie when the voice of Ariela delayed the transfer.

"Judge, don't you give him that air paper yit. 'Tain't all settled, nohow. I got to have my rights first. I got to have my ali-money. 'Tain't no kind of a way to do fur a man to divo'ce his wife 'thout her havin' a cent fur to do with. I'm a-layin' off to be a-goin' up to brother Ed's. I'm bound fur to hev a pa'r of shoes and some things besides. Ef Rance kin affo'd a divo'ce, let him pay me ali-money."

Ransie Bilbro was stricken to dumb perplexity. There had been no previous hint of alimony. Women were always bringing up startling and unlooked-for issues.

The Justice felt that the point demanded judicial decision. The authorities were also silent on the subject of alimony.

"Ariela Bilbro," he asked, in official tones, "how much did you 'low would be good and sufficient ali-money in the case befo' the co't."

"I 'lowed, fur the shoes and all, say five dollars. That ain't much fur ali-money, but I reckon that'll git me up to brother Ed's."

"The amount air not onreasonable. Ransie Bilbro, you air ordered by the co't to pay the plaintiff the sum of five dollars befo' the decree of divo'ce air issued."

"I hain't no mo' money; I done paid you all I had."

"Otherwise," said the Justice, looking severely over his spectacles, "you air in contempt of co't."

"I reckon if you gimme till to-morrow, I mout be able to rake or scrape it up somewhars. I never looked for to be a-payin' no ali-money."

"The case air adjourned till to-morrow, when you will present yourselves and obey the order of the co't."

Followin' of which, the decrees of divo'ce will be delivered."

"We mout as well go down to Uncle Ziah's, and spend the night," decided Ransie. He climbed into the cart on one side, and Ariela climbed in on the other, and the cart crawled away.

Justice-of-the-Peace Benaja Widdup smoked his pipe. Late in the afternoon he got his weekly paper and read it until twilight dimmed its lines. Then he lit the candle and read until the moon rose. He lived in a log cabin on the slope. Going home to supper he crossed a little branch darkened by a laurel thicket. The figure of a man stepped from the laurels and presented a rifle at his breast. His hat was pulled down low and something covered most of his face.

"I want yo' money," said the figure, "'thout any talk."

"I've only got f-f-five dollars," said the Justice.

"Roll it up," came the order, "and stick it in the end of this here gun-bar'l."

The bill was crisp and new. Even fingers that were trembling found little difficulty in making a spill of it and inserting it into the muzzle of the rifle.

"Now I reckon you kin be goin' along," said the robber, and the Justice lingered not on the way.

The next day came the cart to the office door. In the presence of the Judge Ransie Bilbro handed to his wife a five-dollar bill. The official's eye sharply viewed it. It seemed to curl up as though it had been rolled and inserted into the end of a gun-barrel. But the Justice refrained from comment. He handed each one a decree of divorce. Each stood awkwardly silent, slowly folding the guarantee of freedom. The woman cast a shy glance full of constraint at Ransie.

"I reckon you'll be goin' back up to the cabin. There's

bread in the tin box settin' on the shelf. I put the bacon in the b'ilin'-pot to keep the hounds from gittin' it. Don't forget to wind the clock to-night."

"You air a-goin' to your brother's?" asked Ransie, with fine unconcern.

"I was 'lowin' to get along up thar afore night. It's a right smart ways, and I reckon I better be goin'. I'll be a-sayin' good-bye, Ranse—that is, if you keer fur to say so."

"I don't know as anybody's such a hound dog fur to not want to say good-bye—'less you air so anxious to git away that you don't want me to say it."

Ariela was silent. She folded the five-dollar bill and her decree, and placed them in the bosom of her dress. The Justice watched the money disappear with mournful eyes. And then with his next words he achieved rank with either the great crowd of the world's sympathizers or the little crowd of its great financiers.

"Be kind o' lonesome in the old cabin to-night, Ranse?"

Ransie Bilbro stared out at the hills. He did not look at his wife.

"I 'low it might be lonesome, but when folks gits mad and wants a divo'ce, you can't make folks stay."

"There's others wanted a divo'ce; besides, nobody don't want nobody to stay."

"Nobody never said they didn't."

"Nobody never said they did. I reckon I better start on now to my brother's."

"Nobody can't wind that old clock."

"Want me to go back along 'ith you in the cart and wind it fur you, Ranse?"

The mountaineer's countenance was proof against emotion. But he reached out a big hand and enclosed Ariela's thin brown one.

"Them hounds shan't pester you no more. I reckon I been mean and low down. You wind that clock, Ariela."

Her soul peeped out once through her impassive face, hallowing it.

"My heart hit's in that cabin, Ranse, along 'ith you. I ain't a-goin' to git mad no more. Le's be startin', Ranse, so's we kin git home by sundown."

Justice-of-the-Peace Benaja Widdup interposed as they started for the door, forgetting his presence.

"In the name of the State of Tennessee, I forbid you to be a-defyin' of its laws and statutes. This co't is mo' than willin' and full of joy to see the clouds of discord and misunderstandin' rollin' away from two lovin' hearts, but it air the duty of the co't to p'eserve the morals and integrity of the State. The co't reminds you that you air no longer man and wife, but air divo'ced by regular decree, and as such air not entitled to the benefits and 'purtenances of the mattermonal estate."

Ariela caught Ransie's arm. Did those words mean that she must lose him now when they had just learned the lesson of life?

"But the co't air prepared fur to remove the disabilities set up by the decree of divo'ce. The co't air on hand to perform the solemn ceremony of marri'ge, thus fixin' things up and enablin' the parties in the case to resume the honour'ble and elevatin' state of mattermony which they desires. The fee fur performin' said ceremony will be, in this case, five dollars."

Ariela caught the gleam of promise in his words. Swiftly her hand went to her bosom. Freely as an alighting dove the bill fluttered to the Justice's table. Her pale cheek coloured as she stood hand in hand with Ransie and listened to the reuniting words.

30 RECITATIONS AND MONOLOGUES

Ransie helped her into the cart, and climbed in beside her, and they set out for the mountains, hand-clasped.

O. HENRY

*(Inserted by kind permission of the Publishers, Messrs.
Hodder and Stoughton)*

THE OUTLAW

WHEN my loop takes hold on a two-year-old
By the feet or the neck or the horn,
He kin plunge and fight, till his eyes go white,
But I'll throw him as sure as you're born.

Though the taunt sing like a banjo's string,
And the latigoes creak and strain,
Yet I've no fear of an outlaw steer,
And I'll tumble him on the plain.

For a man is a man, and a beast a beast,
And the man is the boss of the herd ;
And each of the bunch, from biggest to least,
Must come down when he says the word.

When my legs swing cross on a outlaw hawse
And my spurs cinch into his hide,
He kin rear and pitch over hill and ditch,
But wherever he goes I'll ride.

Let 'im spin and flap like a crazy tap,
Or flit like a wind-whipped smoke ;
But he'll know the feel of my rowelled heel
Till he's happy to own he's broke.

32 RECITATIONS AND MONOLOGUES

For a man is a man, and a hawse is a brute,
And the hawse may be prince of his clan,
But he'll bow to the bit and steel-shod boot,
And own that his boss is the man.

When the devil at rest underneath my vest,
Gets up and begins to paw ;
When my hot tongue strains at its bridle reins
Then I tackle the real outlaw.

When I get plumb riled and my sense goes wild,
And my temper has fractious grown,
If he'll hump his neck just a trifling speck
Then it's dollars to dimes I'm thrown.

For a man is a man, but he's partly a beast,
He kin brag till he makes you deaf ;
But the one live brute from west to east
That he kain't quite break is himself.

C. B. CLARK

A FRIGHTFUL STORY

AS TOLD BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN, A FRENCHWOMAN,
AN IRISHMAN, A SCOTSMAN, AN AMERICAN AND A
COCKNEY SERVANT

As told by an Englishwoman :

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,

Eating her curds and whey,

There came a big spider, who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

As told by Marie :

The leetle Mdlle. Muffette, she seet on a—oh, what you call it ?—ah !—a tuffette, eating ze curds wiz ze whey. There came a big araignée—I not know ze English.—what do you call ze animal with the legs ver long—what run ver quick ? s'il vous plait, mes amis. Ah ! non, non, not ze daddy with the long legs—ah, oui, the spidaire—merci, merci bien. Well, the spidaire, he ver friendly—he say, “ Bonjour, Mdlle. Muffette,” with all the legs of him and the eyes of him. Mdlle. Muffette, she ver frightened—she drop the basin and she scream “ au revoir.”

Pat's version of it :

Och and oim shure ye'll all be dyin' to hear the little tale I'll be afther tellin' ye the night. Sure, 'tis about

Miss Muffett. She was settin' down one day eatin' praties and crame, whin, all of a sudden, me darlints, who d'ye think should shtep along—to see what was the manin' of the basin—but a shpider—a shpider wid legs as long as my arm; an' he sated himsilf by the soide of the little lady. There's a terror for ye! She thought sure it was a banshee—and 'twas herself ran scramin' to her ould mother.

Rab McNab will tell ye aboot it:

Hae ye haird of the wee lassie, Jennie, the dochter o' Sandy Moffat? She was sittin' doon ilka day in a brae by the burn—eatin' her purridge, when a hungry spider cam spearin' roon to see if he could get a wee drappie—and the puir wain got sic a fricht when she saw the muckle lang-legged beastie, that she drappit the bowl an' rin aff to her mither.

Uncle Sam will now describe the incident:

Look here, picanninies, I've got on this 'ere platform to expose the ignorance of a silly kid rejoicin' in the name of Muffit. One day that there kid was sittin' on a heap of grass eatin' her breakfast, when along came an apterous insect of an inquiring turn of mind and feeling rather tired owing to the length of his legs, which you kin take from me were rather numerous, he just called a halt by the side of that there kid. My stars, you ought to have seen her make tracks for home. She beat it while her feet were good. Then that there spider had the time of his life, he luffed some, you bet, and weaved that breakfast into his own composition right away. That's a cinch.

As told by Sarah Jide, the Cockney Slavey:

'Ere—that there Buffet gal, she goes a-plankin' of 'erself on a rubbish 'eap, what she calls a duffet, and

sets to eatin' gurds an' wy. Oh ! sich swank, ain't it, callin' things sich grand nimes ! Bread an' milk more like ! Ah !—then a spider come a-swaggerin' along, an' Buffet gal—'opped it !

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF GEORGIE PEORGIE PUDDING AND PIE

AS TOLD BY AN ENGLISH GIRL, A FRENCH GIRL, A
DUTCHMAN, AN IRISHMAN, A COCKNEY, AN AMERICAN
AND A SCOTSMAN

GEORGIE PEORGIE PUDDING AND PIE

Kissed the girls and made them cry,
But when the boys came out to play,
Georgie Peorgie ran away.

Suzanne relates it :

Ah ! Ze leetle Georgie Peorgie Pooden and Pie.
Oh ! la, la, ma foi ! he kees—all—evairy one of ze leetle
demoiselles, and he make zem all for to cry—pauvres
filles. Ah ! but see you, when ze boys come out for to
play, ze méchant leetle Georgie he not wait—non, non,
not one moment—he run away vair quick.

Hans tries to speak :

Georgie Beorgie Booden und Bie. Ach Gott ! he gif
kiss to all of der girls, and he make dem all to cry out
of dere mouths, and ven der poys come out to blay, dot
poy Georgie Peorgie, Ach Himmel, he run away—so !

Mickey O'Connor shpakes of it :

(*Long hearty laugh.*) Did ye iver hear the loikes of
it ? Georgie Peorgie Pudden' and Poy—kissed all the
colleens and made 'em all croy for sure ; but whin the
bhoys came out to play, begorra it was that young
shpalpeen of a Georgie as ran away (*laugh*), like the divil
he did !

Bill tells you all abaht it :

That little bloke wiv the Christmas party kind o'
nime—oh ! 'e 'ad got a wy wiv the gals, or thort 'e 'ad
more like. Tuk ter kissin' ov 'em, wen no one was a-

lookin', an one d'y 'e done a bit too much ov it—Lor ! you ort ter 'ave 'eard them gals 'owl ! Then the boys come aht ter play “shuv-'alfpenny,” an' young Georgie tuk 'isself orf pretty quick—case they shuvved 'im instead—not 'arf !

Jonathan speaks of it :

I guess you know that fast young Georgie Peorgie Pooden and Pie—Waal—wan time—he went around a-kissin' all the gals—but, yer know, them gals wasn't havin' no candy that day—waal leastways, not none o' Georgie's sort, anyway, an' they all started off ter pipe their eye. When the boys came out to play, young Georgie wasn't goin' to hang around askin' for trouble—not he—he took out his runnin papers mighty quick. Gee whiz ! Yer know, it wouldn't surprise me if that there boy wasn't President of the United States one o' these 'ere days.

Sandy Macpherson will tell ye a' aboot it :

Losh ! Dae ye mean tae tell me that ye dinna ken a wee callant cae'd Georgie Peorgie ? A wee deevil, that has a verra great weakness for the lassies. He wull kiss them a', an' doesna' gie ower till he makes ilka yin o' them greet. Dae ye no ken him ? Weel, it was as guid as a play ! The ither nicht, he was at his auld game, an' a' the wee lassies were fair scummered at him an' staired tae greet. The ither bit laddies cam oot an' grippet Georgie and clouted his lugs and skelpit him wi' the tawse till he ran awa'.

But ma certie ! His mither, puir buddy, had been a spectator o' the pairformance, and her temper was no jist as canny as it micht hae been. She pounced on him, and tousled his heid a bit mair for him and she ca'ad oot to him, “Stan' your groun' like a braw Scotch laddie and dinna be a muckle saftie.”

A HAY DREAM

AS TOLD BY AN ENGLISHMAN, A FRENCH FARMER'S
WIFE, AN IRISH COLLEEN, 'ARRIET AND AUNT
CHLOE

LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow up your horn ;
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn ;
But where is the boy that looks after the sheep ?
He's under the haystack fast asleep.

Oh ! you leetle Blue Boy—come, come blow on ze
'orn zees meenit. Ze sheeps zey all are in ze meadow
and la ! la ! la ! ze cow—she walk on ze corn. Blue
Boy ! Mais vaire ees ze garçon zat do mind ze sheep—
I not see him anywhere. Ah ! ma foi—see you dat—
he is undaire ze 'aystack, and he sleep like ze cochon.

Och ! little Boy Blue, come play on yer horn ; shure an
the shape's in the fald, an' the cow's threadin' down the
corn, bad scan to her. Och ! where is the shpalpane
as oi tould to look afther the shape ? Begorra, if the
young varmint hasn't gone off to schlape undernathe
the hayshtack.

Wot cher, Boy Blue ! Wot's yer gime ? Yer on
strike, or wot ? Want a war bonus ? Do yer dooty,
yer little bounder, or I'll jolly soon give yer suffink

as'll mike yer. Jist cast yer hopticks on the sheep and the cow, an' git a move on.

Hello, hello, hello, Boy Blue! Can't you see that the sheep's having a high old time in the meadow an' the cow's dancin' a ragtime in the carnfield? Git busy, young feller, an' tootle up, tootle up. I shall jest hev to hustle that boy. I'll give him a practical illustration of the Amurrican flag—you kin guess, strangers, what I'm drivin' at: he'll hev the stripes first and then he'll see the stars.

These three little adaptations were written for students as simple exercises in the technique (*pronunciation and intonation*) of dialect and foreignism. They seem, however, to have found favour with audiences in a measure quite out of all proportion to their literary merit—and I venture to insert them in this volume. Reciters can easily add or enlarge upon them to suit individual capacity or requirements.

A. H.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING

“ **A**S unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other ! ”

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

“ Wed a maiden of your people,”
Warning said the old Nokomis ;
“ Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not !
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbour's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers ! ”

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this : “ Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight ! ”

Gravely then said old Nokomis :

“Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling ;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands ! ”

Smiling, answered Hiawatha :

“In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people ! ”

Still dissuading said Nokomis :

“Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs !
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open ! ”

Laughing answered Hiawatha :

“For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes may be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed for ever ! ”

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs.

With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured ;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outran his footsteps ;

And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's thunder,
Heard the falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall, and very handsome,
Who, one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?
On her mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labour,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,

"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said, with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"
Then uprose the Laughing Water,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last for ever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer, very gravely,
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,

Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water,
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Murmuring to himself, and saying,
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you!"
Sang the Opechee, the robin,
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband!"

Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

LONGFELLOW

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST

YOU shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding ;
How the gentle Chibiabos,
He the sweetest of musicians,
Sang his songs of love and longing ;
How Igloo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
Told his tales of strange adventure,
That the feast might be more joyous,
That the time might pass more gaily,
And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis
Made at Hiawatha's wedding.
And the wedding-guests assembled,
Clad in all their richest raiment,
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,
Splendid with their paint and plumage,
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis ;
Then on pemmican they feasted,
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,
And the careful old Nokomis,

Tasted not the food before them,
Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily,
And our guests be more contented!"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.
He the merry mischief-maker,
Whom the people call the Storm-Fool,
Rose among the guests assembled.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,
White and soft, and fringed with ermine,
All inwrought with beads of wampum;
He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,
And in moccasins of buck-skin;
On his head were plumes of swan's down,
In one hand a fan of feathers,
And a pipe was in the other.

First he danced a solemn measure,
Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine-trees,
Treading softly like a panther,
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Eddying round and round the wigwam,
Till the leaves went whirling with him,
Till the dust and wind together

Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand and tossed it
Wildly in the air around him ;
Till the wind became a whirlwind.

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,
And, returning, sat down laughing
There among the guests assembled,
Sat and fanned himself serenely
With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,
To the sweetest of all singers,
" Sing to us, O Chibiabos !
Songs of love and songs of longing,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily,
And our guests be more contented ! "

And the gentle Chibiabos
Sang in accents sweet and tender,
Songs of love and songs of longing ;
Looking still at Hiawatha,
Sang he softly, sang in this wise :

" Onaway ! Awake, beloved !
Thou the wild-flower of the forest !
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie !
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like !

" If thou only lookest at me,
I am happy, I am happy,

" Does not all the blood within me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee ?

" Onaway ! my heart sings to thee,
Sings with joy when thou art near me,

" When thou art not pleased, beloved,

Then my heart is sad and darkened ;
 " When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is brightened.
But I lose the way of smiling
When thou art no longer near me !
O awake, awake, beloved !
Onaway ! awake, beloved ! "

Thus the gentle Chibiabos
Sang his song of love and longing ;
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
Saw in all the eyes around him,
Saw in all their looks and gestures,
That the wedding-guests assembled
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,
His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo ;
Never heard he an adventure
But himself had met a greater ;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder ;
Never any marvellous story
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,
Would you only give him credence,
No one ever shot an arrow
Half so far and high as he had ;
Ever caught so many fishes,
Ever killed so many reindeer,
Ever trapped so many beaver !

None could run so fast as he could,
None could dive so deep as he could,
None could swim so far as he could ;
None had made so many journeys,
None had seen so many wonders,

As this wonderful Iagoo,
As this marvellous story-teller !
Thus his name became a by-word
And a jest among the people ;
And whene'er a boastful hunter
Praised his own address too highly,
Or a warrior, home returning,
Talked too much of his achievements,
All his hearers cried, " Iagoo !
Here's Iagoo come among us ! "

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Such the story of Iagoo,
Such the songs of Chibiabos ;
Thus the wedding-banquet ended,
And the wedding-guests departed,
Leaving Hiawatha happy
With the night and Minnehaha.

LONGFELLOW

THE LAST LESSON

The singing alphabet lesson introduced into this piece is a reproduction of the method employed in the schools of Northern France prior to 1870.

LITTLE François didn't want to go to school that morning. He would much rather have played truant. The air was so warm—he could hear the blackbird singing at the edge of the wood, and the sound of the Prussians drilling down in the meadow behind the old mill! He would so much rather have played truant! Besides, this was the day for the lesson in the rule of participles; and the rule of participles in French is very long and very hard, and it has more exceptions than rule. Little François did not know it at all. He did not want to go to school.

But somehow he went; his legs carried him into the village and along the street. As he passed the Town Hall, he noticed a little crowd round the bulletin board. That was the place where the news of lost battles, the requisition for more troops, the demand for new taxes, were posted. Small as he was, little François had seen enough to make him think, "What now, I wonder?" But he could not stop to look, he was afraid of being late.

When he came to the school yard, his heart beat very fast; he was afraid he was late after all, for all the windows were open, and yet he heard no noise—the

schoolroom was perfectly quiet. He had been counting on the noise and confusion before school. He had thought to slip quietly to his place unnoticed amid the slamming of desks, the banging of books, the tapping of the master's cane, and his "Silence, mes enfants, un peu moins de bruit, s'il vous plait." But no, he had to walk up the rows of desks, in the midst of a silent room, with the master looking straight at him. Oh, how his heart beat! But to his great surprise the master didn't scold him. All he said was, "Come quickly to your place, mon petit François; we were just going to begin without you!"

Little François could hardly believe his ears; that wasn't at all the way the master was accustomed to speak. It was very strange, somehow—everything was very strange! Every one was sitting so still—as if it was an examination day or something very important. And the master—he looked strange, too—why he had on his fine lace jabot and his best coat, that he only wore on holidays. It was very strange. Little François looked round wondering. And there at the back of the room was the oddest thing of all. There sat *visitors*. People never came except on great occasions, and it was not a holiday. Yet there were the mayor, the farmer, and the old blacksmith, all sitting quiet and still. It was very strange.

Just then the master stood up to open school. He said, "Mes enfants, this is the last time I shall ever teach you. The order has come from Berlin that henceforth nothing but German shall be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. I beg you be very attentive! This is your last lesson in French!"

His last lesson in French! Little François could not believe his ears; his last—Ah! that was what was on the bulletin board! That was it; his last lesson in

French—and he scarcely knew how to read and write—why, then, he should never know how! He looked down at his books all battered and torn, and suddenly they became quite different to him—they seemed, somehow, like friends. He looked at the master and he seemed different, too—like a very good friend. Little François began to feel strange himself, when he heard his name called and he stood up.

It was the rule of participles.

Oh, what wouldn't he have given to be able to say it from beginning to end without a blunder, exceptions and all!

But he could only stand and hang his head; he did not know a word of it. Then he heard the master's voice; it was quite gentle, not the scolding voice he expected. "I am not going to punish you, little François, you are not alone in your fault. We all do the same thing—we all put off our tasks till to-morrow, and sometimes to-morrow never comes. That is what it has been with us. We Alsacians have been always putting off our education till the morrow; and now, they have a right—those people down there—to say to us, "What! you call yourselves French, and you cannot even read and write the French language? Learn German, then!"

And then the master spoke to them of the French language. He told them how beautiful it was, and he said no people could be hopelessly beaten so long as they kept their language, for the language was the key with which to open the prison door.

And then he said he would tell them a little about their beautiful language, and he explained the rule of participles. And do you know it was just as simple as A B C. Little François understood every word. I don't know whether he listened harder or whether the

master explained better ; but it was all quite clear and simple.

And as they went on and little Francois listened and looked, it seemed that the master was trying to put the whole of the French language into their heads in that one hour ; it seemed as if he wanted to teach them all he knew—to give them all he had in that last lesson !

From the grammar he went on to the writing lesson, and for this quite new copies had been prepared. They were written on new slips of paper, and they were :

FRANCE : ALSACE

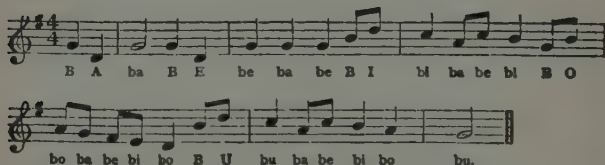
FRANCE : ALSACE

All up and down the rows they hung out from the desks, like little banners waving :

FRANCE : ALSACE

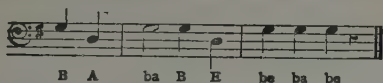
And everybody worked with all his might—not a sound could you hear but the scratching of the pens on the “FRANCE : ALSACE.” Even the little ones bent over the up and down strokes, with their tongues stuck out to help them work, “FRANCE : ALSACE.”

After the writing came the reading lesson, and the little ones sang—¹

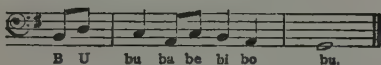


¹ The alphabet should be sung with the French sounds. If the Reciter has a musical voice, and the effect is pleasing, the melody can be repeated, giving the vowel sounds in conjunction

In the midst of it François heard a curious sound—a big, deep voice mingling with the children's voices—



He turned round, and there at the back of the room the old blacksmith sat with a big A B C book on his knees. It was his voice François had heard. He was singing with the little children—



His voice sounded so odd with the little voices, it made Little François feel queer. It seemed so funny that he thought he should laugh, then he thought he wouldn't laugh, he felt very queer.

Then suddenly the town clock struck noon, and they heard the tramp of the Prussians returning from drill.

It was time to close school.

The master stood up, very pale—little François had never seen him look so tall. He said :

“ Mes enfants, mes enfants ”—but he could not go on—something choked him ; instead, he turned, went to the blackboard, and took up a piece of chalk. And then he wrote, in big, white letters :

“ VIVE LA FRANCE ! ”

C'est tout, c'est fini ! ”

Adapted from the French of ALPHONSE DAUDET

with the consonant D. The blacksmith's voice should be gruff and hoarse, with a suggestion of comedy—but not so much as to mar the pathos of the situation.

A. H.

HULLO!

W'EN you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
Say "Hullo" an' "How d'ye do!"
"How's the world a-using you?"
Slap the fellow on the back,
Bring yer han' down with a whack;
Walk right up, an' don't go slow,
Smile, shake hands, an' say "Hullo!"

He may be clothed in rags? Even so
Walk right up an' say "Hullo!"
A rag is but a cotton roll
Jest for wrapping up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true
Hale an' hearty "How d'ye do!"
Don't wait for the crowd to go;
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot an' sail away,
Jest the same are you an' me,
Lonesome ships on Life's great sea;
Each one sailing his own jog,
For a port beyond the fog.
Let yer speaking-trumpet blow.
Lift yer horn an' cry "Hullo."

Say "Hullo" an' "How d'ye do!"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en we leave our house of clay,
To wander in the Far Away,
When we travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls we've cheered will know
Who we be, an' say "Hullo!"

S. W. Foss

ART AND LIFE

WHEN the earth darkens and the voices call,
What things shall we remember? Will it be
The knowledge won so hard, and at the end
The masterpiece men bow to? Oh! to paint
Some picture that shall live throughout the years,
And ever be a shining mystery
To them that follow! Oh! from common stone,
To carve some miracle of loveliness
That shall not perish! Oh! to write a book
With all the best that we have seen and heard
And suffered, set forth upon the page!
So that through all the ages we're immortal!

So we pray
Till Art seems life—but when the voices call,
When the earth darkens and the stars are veiled,
We shall forget those prayers—forget those deeds.
We shall remember how we gave a flower
Once to a child that wept, and how the face
Of the tired mother blessed us, as the child
Laughed and was quieted. We shall remember
How a word and a hand's touch gave to one,
Tempted and tried, the courage that was lost.
Once, long ago, there was a little maid,
And though the years have hid her—we shall know
Her perfect faith in us, the best of all our gain.

Yes, when earth darkens and the voices call,
Like stars into the evening sky will steal
Small forgotten things into our hearts,
And we shall hear the call, and at the last
Make answer—well content.

H. D. LOWRY

A BLUSH ROSE

ONCE, in an old-fashioned garden,
Long years ago, I suppose,
There grew a slender white lily,
And close to it grew a rose.

Now they both loved the amorous west wind,
How it happened nobody knows ;
But a kiss that was meant for the lily
Got wafted away to the rose.

And ever since then, for that reason,
At least, so the story goes,
There's a sad faded droop on the lily
And a blush on the cheek of the rose.

ANON.

THE FLEET

YOU—you, if you should fail to understand
What England is and what her all-in-all,
On you will come the curse of all the land
Should our old England fall
Which Nelson left so great.

His isle, the mightiest Ocean power on earth,
Our own fair isle, the lord of every sea,
Her fuller franchise—what would that be worth?
Her ancient Fame of free
Were she—a fallen State?

Our dauntless army scattered and so small,
Our island myriads fed from alien lands;
The Fleet of England is her all-in-all,
Her Fleet is in your hands,
And in her Fleet—her Fate.

Oh, you!—you that have the ordering of her Fleet,
If you should only compass her disgrace
When all men starve, the wild mobs' million feet
Will kick you from your place,
But then too late—too late.

TENNYSON

THE MAGIC SONG

SHE heard a sound of singing,
Soft on the ear it fell;
And o'er her toil-worn features
Was cast a magic spell.

She heard a sound of singing,
The music cheered her heart;
And set her hoping, longing,
To nobly act her part.

She heard a sound of singing,
The music had no name;
Though by no great composer,
The song is known to fame.

She heard a sound of singing,
She shouted loud with glee:
"The kettle's nearly boiling—
Oh, how I want my tea."

LILIAN BIRD

THE BURDEN

LET us not bend our shoulders to the past,
Ill fits the burden—heavier day by day,
Yet hath it treasures we must never cast
away.

Carry our past as hero—not as slave
Who flings the marshal's baton from his sack,
Storms not the present which the brave
attack.

We'll not go limping; 'tis a weary tramp,
But wearier far the march without the load;
Our past is chart and guide book, oil and lamp
and code.

Time works great alchemies as they have learned
Who, in the bearing of experience bold,
Have seen their leaden care and sorrow turned
to gold.

ANON.

THE PULLEY

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by ;
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can :
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way ;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure ,
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness :
Let him be rich and weary, that, at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.

GEORGE HERBERT

TEARS

THERE'S sumpen in the children's tears that makes
you wanter pet 'em,
And—tho' it spiles 'em ev'ry time—jist shut your eyes
and let 'em
Do what they nearly please. For recollect, their little
troubles
To them are big as houses; ours ain't no more than
bubbles
That float along Life's river, and we air only ripples
A-runnin' to the shore and dyin'—ripples chasin' ripples.

There's sumpen in a woman's tears that make you
wanter—sorter
Come close up to her like—tho' perhaps you hadn't
orter,
And onless you're grey and married—better not I'm
here to tell you.
Jest put your arm around her waist and touch her chin,
and—well—you
Stay the streams uv cryin' with little chunks of kisses,
For women folk they live on love—married ones and
misses.

There's sumpen in a man's tears chokes up all forms and
speeches,

Your heart aches to give sympathy—but vainly it
beseeches

A sign or sound to voice your love. Uncover ! Stand !
and listen !

That sob unstrung a chord that can't be mended ;
tear-drops glisten !

The light uv joy is flickerin' out. Don't speak ; there's
no use tryin'

To comfort him—he'd rather be alone with God and
cryin' !

OUSELEY

THE WOMAN AND THE POET

AND you are a poet, and so you want
Something—what is it?—a theme, a fancy?
Something or other the Muse won't grant
In your old poetical necromancy;
Why, one-half you poets—you can't deny—
Don't know the Muse when you chance to meet her,
But sit in your attics and mope and sigh
For a fainéant goddess to drop from the sky,
When flesh and blood may be standing by
Quite at your service, should you but greet her.

What if I told you my own romance?
Women are poets, if so you take them—
One-third poet—the rest—what chance
Of man and marriage may choose to make them.
Well, it was after the war broke out
And I was a schoolgirl fresh from Paris
Father had contracts and roamed about
And I did nothing—I was an heiress.
Picked some lint at times, I think,
Knitted some stockings—a dozen nearly,
Havelocks made for the soldiers' caps,
Stood at bazaar tables—peddled traps
Quite at a profit—In those days
They said I was pretty. Thank you! Really!

Still, it was stupid. Rat-a-tat-tat,

Those were the sounds of that battle summer
Till the earth seemed a parchment round and flat

And every footfall the tap of a drummer

And day by day down the Avenue, went

Cavalry, infantry, all together,

Till my pitying angel one day sent

My Fate in the shape of a regiment

That halted just as the day was spent

Here at our door in the bright June weather.

None of your dandy warriors those

Men from the West—but where I know not.

Haggard and travel-stained, worn and grey,

With never a ribbon or lace or bow-knot.

And I opened the window, and leaning there

I felt in their presence the free winds blowing;

My neck and shoulders and arms were bare—

I did not dream they might think me fair,

But I had some flowers that night in my hair,

And here, on my bosom, a red rose glowing.

And I looked from the window along the line,

Dusty and dirty, grim and solemn,

Till an eye like a bayonet-flash met mine,

And a dark face grew from the darkening column,

And a quick flame leapt to my eyes and hair

Till cheeks and shoulders burned all together

And the next I found myself standing there

With my eyelids wet and my cheeks less fair,

And the rose from my bosom tossed high in air,

Like a blood-drop falling on plume and feather.

Then I drew back quickly: there came a cheer,

A rush of figures, a noise and tussle,

And then it was over, and high and clear
My red rose bloomed on his gun's black muzzle.
Then far in the darkness a sharp voice cried,
And slowly and steadily, all together,
Shoulder to shoulder and side to side,
Rising and falling, and swaying wide,
But bearing above them the rose, my pride,
They marched away in the twilight weather.

And I leaned from my window and watched my rose
Tossed on the waves of the surging column,
Warmed from above in the sunset glows,
Borne from below by an impulse solemn.
Then I shut the window. I heard no more
Of my soldier friend, my flower neither,
But lived my life as I did before.
I did not go as a nurse to the war—
Sick folks to me are a dreadful bore—
So I didn't go to the hospital either.

You smile, O poet, and what do you ?
You lean from your window, and watch life's column
Trampling and struggling through dust and dew,
Filled with its purposes grave and solemn ;
An act, a gesture, a face—who knows ?—
Touches your fancy to thrill and haunt you,
And you pluck from your bosom the verse that grows,
And down it flies like my red, red rose,
And you sit and dream as away it goes,
And think that your duty is done—now don't you ?

I know your answer. I'm not yet through.
Look at this photograph—"In the Trenches!"
That dead man in the coat of blue
Holds a withered rose in his hand. That clenches

Nothing !—except that the sun paints true,
And a woman is sometimes prophetic-minded
And that's my romance. And, poet, you
Take it and mould it to suit your view ;
And who knows but you may find it too
Come to your heart once more, as mine did.

BRET HARTE

MR. WINKLE ON SKATES

Mr. Pickwick, with his friends, Messrs. Winkle, Tupman and Snodgrass, Bob Sawyer and Benjamin Allen, are spending Christmas as guests of Mr. Wardle of Dingley Dell.

“**N**OW,” said Mr. Wardle, “what say you to an hour on the ice?”

“Capital!” said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

“Prime!” ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

“You skate, of course, Winkle?” said Wardle.

“Ye—yes; oh yes,” replied Mr. Winkle. “I—I—am *rather* out of practice.”

“Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle,” said Arabella. “I like to see it so much; it is *so* graceful.”

Another young lady said it was elegant, and expressed her opinion that it was “swan-like.”

“I should be very happy, I’m sure,” said Mr. Winkle, reddening; “but I have no skates.”

This objection was at once overruled. A couple of pair were produced, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Mr. Wardle led the way to a large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and then,

without once stopping for breath, described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice a great many astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when Mr. Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindu. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off vith you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not a uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a-goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're verry good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank:

"Sam! Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a-callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized skater, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have ensured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Bob Sawyer rose to his

feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind, in skates. He remained seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Ben Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you'd better, what do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?"

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Sam, take his skates off."

"No, but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick.

The command was not to be resisted. "Now lift him up." Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, the remarkable words:

"You're a humbug sir, a humbug. I will speak plainer. An impostor, sir."

Adapted from "The Pickwick Papers," DICKENS

SAM WELLER SENDS A VALENTINE

ON the thirteenth of February, Mr. Samuel Weller was wending his way towards the Blue Boar, Leadenhall Market. He had an appointment there, that evening, to meet his father, Tony Weller, the driver of the Ipswich coach.

Sam was sauntering away his spare time, and it is by no means surprising that he should have paused before a small stationer's window; but it does appear surprising that his eyes should no sooner have rested on certain pictures which were exposed for sale therein than he gave a sudden start, smote his right leg with great vehemence, and exclaimed, "If it hadn't been for this, I should ha' forgot all about it."

The particular picture on which Sam's eyes were fixed was a highly coloured representation of a couple of human hearts skewered together with an arrow, cooking before a cheerful fire. A decidedly indelicate young gentleman, in a pair of wings and nothing else, was depicted as superintending the cooking; a representation of the spire of the church in Langham Place, London, appeared in the distance; and the whole formed a "valentine," of which, as an inscription in the window testified, there was a large assortment within.

"I should ha' forgot it; I should certainly ha' forgot it!" said Sam; so saying, he at once stepped into the

stationer's shop, and requested to be served with a sheet of the best gilt-edged letter-paper, and a hard-nibbed pen which could be warranted not to splutter. These articles having been supplied, he walked on towards Leadenhall Market at a good round pace, very different from his recent lingering one. He stepped into the Blue Boar, and inquired concerning his parent.

"He won't be here this three quarters of an hour or more," said the young lady who superintended the domestic arrangements of the Blue Boar.

"Wery good, my dear," replied Sam. "Let me have the inkstand, will you, Miss?"

The inkstand, having been carried into the little parlour, Sam Weller sat himself down, and pulled out the sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper, and the hard-nibbed pen. Then looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table, so that there might be no crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task; it being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father. "Wot's that you're

doin' of? Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see; not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why it's no use a sayin' it ain't; it's a valentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word. "Samivel, Samivel, I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you on this here wery subject; arter actiwallly seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought was a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin' day. I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it!"

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Never mind, Sammy, it'll be a wery agonizin' trial to me at my time o' life, but I'm pretty tough, that's one consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked w'en the farmer said he was afeered he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a dilluded wictim."

"Nonsense, I ain't a goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that. I know you're a judge o' these things. Light your pipe, and I'll read you the letter.

Mr. Weller, senior, divested himself of his upper coat, lighted his pipe, turned towards Sam, and requested him to fire away.

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air:

"'Lovely——,'"

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the invariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl; who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur,' " repeated Sam.

"'Tain't in poetry, is it?" interposed his father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Werry glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin agin, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:

"'Lovely creetur i feel myself a dammed'—"

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't 'dammed,'" observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, 'it's shamed,' there's a blot there—'I feel myself ashamed.'"

"Werry good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—' I forget what this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot. Here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.'"

"Circumwented, p'raps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam, "circumscribed; that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'raps it is a more tender word," said Mr. Weller. "Go on Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a werry pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller.

"Yes, I think it is rather good."

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin' is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy? You might just as well call her a griffen, or a unicorn. Drive on, Sammy."

"'Afore I see you, I thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are, Sammy."

"'But now, now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, inkred'lous turnip I must ha' been, for there ain't nobody like you, though I like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rather strong." 'So I take the privilidge of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'l'm'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colours than ever a likeness was took.'"

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point:

"'Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary, I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rather a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?"

"Not a bit on it; she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conversation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty; I don't know what *to* sign it."

"Sign it, Veller."

"Won't do. Never sign a walentine with your own name."

"Sign it 'Pickvick,' then," "it's a werry good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The wery thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam." "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' werse the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery; and *he* wos only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be persuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter,

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

Adapted from the "Pickwick Papers," DICKENS

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

A North American singing bird—called Bob Lincoln from its note. A bird nearly allied to the sparrow, but characterized by stiff pointed tail feathers. The male in his summer or nuptial plumage exhibits a fine contrast of colours—black and white; the female plumage is yellowish brown. In the latter part of summer the male assumes the dull hue of the female. The Bobolink makes its nest in a grassy meadow, and it displays the same instinct as many other birds—to lead intruders away from its nest it pretends great anxiety about some other part of the field. During the breeding season the males are very musical, and the song is emitted with a volubility bordering on the burlesque. It is a bird of passage, and spends the winter in the West Indies.

MERRILY swinging on briar or weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;

Bob-o'link, bob-o'link
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee—chee—chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:

Bob-o'link, bob-o'link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Look what a nice new coat of mine
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee—chee—chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings ;

Bob-o'link, bob-o'link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Brood, kind creature, you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee—chee—chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and Prince of Braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat ;

Bob-o'link bob-o'link,
Spink, spank, spink.
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can !
Chee—chee—chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might ;

Bob-o'link, bob-o'link,
Spink, spank, spink.

Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee—chee—chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shells.
Six wide mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood ;

Bob-o'link, bob-o'link,
Spink, spank, spink.
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee—chee—chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made,
Sober with work and silent with care ;
Off is his holiday garment laid ;
Half forgotten that merry air ;

Bob-o'link, bob-o'link.
Spink, spank, spink.
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee—chee—chee.

Summer wanes, the children are grown ;
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,

Bob-o'link, bob-o'link,

Spink, spank, spink.

When you can sing that merry old strain,

Robert of Lincoln, come back again.

Chee—chee—chee.

W. C. BRYANT

NELL GWYNNE

THEY call me Nell Gwynne. Some declare I'm
a fury!

To others I'm known as "Sweet Nell of Old Drury."
They say that my dress is the talk of the Court;
King Charlie declares that I'm capital sport.
I please him—I tease him—I wheedle—I coax,
I tell him my stories—he laughs at my jokes.
I'm now the King's Lady—though once, in the street,
I used to sell oranges—no shoes to my feet.
But when woman stoops, there's not much she can't
win.

I've stooped—and I've conquered—but—
Pity Nell Gwynne!

What use are fine clothes when your heart is a-breaking?
What use to be fine, when you're spoilt in the making?
Now its Courtier, and haughtier, my Lord and Grandee,
My Lady (she's shady—yes, far worse than me)—
I'm only a woman. Yes, if you will
A woman who's sinned—but a woman still.
A woman who's suffering now for her sin,
A heart-broken woman—Won't you
Pity Nell Gwynne?

They say in the Court that my laugh is the merriest;
They say in the Court that my voice is the cheeriest;
(Calls) "Who'll buy my oranges? Fine juicy
oranges!"

I'm always so merry, they say I've no heart,

But none of them know that I'm playing a part.
I'm lonely—so lonely—for some one I sigh,
One whom I've lived for; for whom I would die.
The King—whom I saved from a terrible death,
The King—whom I'll love till my very last breath.
The King—who has left me—alone in my sin.
I'm a heart-broken woman—Won't you

Pity Nell Gwynne?

ANON.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat,
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river:
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed,
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

“ This is the way,” laughed the great god Pan
 (Laughed while he sat by the river),
“ The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed.”
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
 He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan !
 Piercing sweet by the river !
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
 Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
 To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man :
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed which grows nevermore again,
 As a reed with the reeds in the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

AN EXTRACT FROM "CYRANO DE BERGERAC"¹

The Comte de Guiche tells Cyrano, the Poet, that he could bring his influence to bear on Richelieu, who might "correct a line or two" of his verse, but who would pay well if he approved of the verse. This suggested patronage is indignantly refused by Cyrano.

SEEK a protector, choose a patron out,
And like the crawling ivy round a tree
That licks the bark to gain the trunk's support,
Climb high by creeping ruse instead of force?
No, grammercy! What! I, like all the rest,
Dedicate verse to bankers?—play buffoon
In cringing hope to see, at last, a smile
Not disapproving, on a patron's lips?
Grammercy, no! What! learn to swallow toads?
—With frame aweary climbing stairs?—a skin
Grown grimed and horny,—here, about the knees?
And acrobat-like, teach my back to bend?—
No, grammercy! Or,—double-faced and sly—

* The Reciter is advised to translate "No, grammercy" in every case as "No, thank you"; and the phrase "No, grammercy! and no! and no again!" as "No, thank you! no! and no again!"

Run with the hare, while hunting with the hounds ;
And oily-tongued, to win the oil of praise,
Flatter the great man to his very nose ?
No, grammercy ! Steal soft from lap to lap,
—A little great man in a circle small,
Or navigate, with madrigals for sails,
Blown gently windward by old ladies' sighs ?
No, grammercy ! Bribe kindly editors
To spread abroad my verses ? Grammercy !
Or try to be elected as the pope
Of tavern Councils held by imbeciles ?
No, grammercy ! Toil to gain reputation
By one small sonnet, 'stead of making many ?
No, grammercy ! Or flatter sorry bunglers ?
Be terrorized by every prating paper ?
Say ceaselessly, Oh, had I but the chance
Of a fair notice in the "Mercury" !
Grammercy, no ! Grow pale, fear, calculate ?
Prefer to make a visit to a rhyme ?
Seek introductions, draw petitions up ?
No, grammercy ! and no ! and no again ! But—
Sing ?
Dream, laugh, go lightly, solitary, free,
With eyes that look straight forward—fearless voice !
To cock your beaver just the way you choose,—
For "yes" or "no" show fight, or turn a rhyme !
—To work without one thought of gain or fame,
To realize that journey to the moon !
Never to pen a line that has not sprung
Straight from the heart within. Embracing then
Modesty, say to oneself, "Good my friend,
Be thou content with flowers,—fruit,—nay, leaves,
But pluck them from no garden but thine own !"
And then, if glory come by chance your way,
To pay no tribute unto Cæsar, none,

But keep the merit all your own ! In short,
Disdaining tendrils of the parasite,
To be content, if neither oak nor elm—
Not to mount high, perchance, but mount alone !

EDMOND ROSTAND

*Translated from the French by GLADYS THOMAS
and MARY GUILLEMARD. Inserted by kind
permission of the Publisher, WILLIAM HEINE-
MANN, London*

A SCENE FROM "VANITY FAIR"

Colonel Rawdon Crawley is arrested for debt in the early hours of the morning, following a grand entertainment, which had been given by Lord Steyne at Gaunt House.

A WEAKER man would have sent off a letter to his wife on the instant of his capture. "But," thought Rawdon, "what's the use of disturbing her night's rest? It will be time enough to write to her when she has had her sleep out, and I have had mine. It's only a hundred and seventy pounds, and the deuce is in it if we can't raise that."

It was ten o'clock when he woke up—when he called for pen, ink and paper, and despatched by messenger the following letter:—

"Dear Becky,—I hope you slept well. Last night as I was coming home I was nabbed by Moss, of Cursitor Street. It's Nathan's business, a hundred and seventy. I've seventy pounds in my desk. As soon as you get this, drive to Nathan's, offer him seventy down, and ask him to renew. If he won't, take my ticker and such of your things as you can spare and pawn them—we must, of course, have the sum to-night. I'm glad it ain't Rawdon's Saturday for coming home. God bless you. P.S. Make haste and come."

Three hours, he calculated, would be the utmost time required before Becky should arrive and open his prison doors. But the day passed away and no messen-

ger returned—no Becky. At length, about six o'clock the messenger returns with a letter from Mrs. Crawley:—

"Mon pauvre cher petit,—I could not sleep one wink for thinking of what had become of my odious old monstre and only got to rest in the morning after taking a composing-draught; and left orders that I should be disturbed on no account. So that my poor old man's messenger remained in the hall for some hours. You may fancy my state when I read your poor dear old letter. Ill as I was I drove to Nathan's. I saw him—I wept—I cried—nothing would mollify the horrid man. He would have all the money he said, or keep my poor monstre in prison. I drove home with the intention of paying that triste visit chez mon oncle (when every trinket I have should be at your disposal), but found Milor there with several others who had come to compliment me upon last night's performance. I went down on my knees to Milor; told him we were going to pawn everything and begged and prayed him to give me a hundred pounds. He told me not to be such a fool as to pawn—and said he would see whether he could lend me the money. At last he went away promising that he would send it to me in the morning, when I will bring it to my poor old monstre. I am writing in bed. Oh, I have such a headache and such a *heàrtache*!"

When Rawdon read this letter, all his suspicions returned. She could not even go out and sell her trinkets to free him. She could talk about compliments paid to her whilst he was in prison. He wrote two hurried lines to his sister-in-law, Lady Jane Crawley, who hastens to him, pays his debt, and releases him.

Rawdon walked home rapidly. It was nine o'clock at night. He ran across the streets and the great squares and at length came up breathless opposite his own

house. He started back and fell against the railings trembling as he looked up. The drawing-room windows were blazing with light. She had said that she was in bed and ill. He took out his door-key and let himself into the house. He went silently up the stairs ; leaning against the banisters at the stair-head. He heard laughter—laughter and singing. Becky was singing a snatch of the song of the night before ; a hoarse voice shouted “ Bravo ! Bravo ! ” It was Lord Steyne’s.

Rawdon opened the door and went in. Becky was in brilliant full toilette, her arms and her fingers sparkling with bracelets and rings ; and the brilliants on her breast which Steyne had given her. As she caught sight of Rawdon’s white face she started up with a faint scream. At the next instant she tried a smile, a horrid smile, as if to welcome her husband : and Steyne rose, pale, and with fury in his looks.

He, too, attempted a laugh—and came forward holding out his hand. “ What, come back ! How d’ye do, Crawley ? ” he said, the nerves of his mouth twitching as he tried to grin at the intruder.

There was that in Rawdon’s face which caused Becky to fling herself before him. “ I am innocent, Rawdon,” she said ; “ before God, I am innocent.” She clung hold of his coat, of his hands ; her own were all covered with rings, and baubles. “ I am innocent.—Say I am innocent,” she said to Lord Steyne.

He thought a trap had been laid for him, and was as furious with the wife as with the husband. “ You innocent ! ” he screamed. “ You innocent ! Why, every trinket you have on your body is paid for by me. I have given you thousands of pounds which this fellow has spent. Innocent ! Don’t think to frighten me as you have done others. Make way, sir, and let me pass ” ; and Lord Steyne seized up his hat, and, with

flame in his eyes, and looking his enemy fiercely in the face, marched upon him, never for a moment doubting that the other would give way.

But Rawdon Crawley springing out, seized him by the neck-cloth, until Steyne, almost strangled, writhed, and bent under his arm. "You lie, you dog!" said Rawdon. "You lie, you coward and villain!" And he struck the Peer twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground. It was all done before Rebecca could interpose. She stood there trembling before him. She admired her husband, strong, brave, and victorious.

"Come here," he said.—She came up at once.

"Take off those things."—She began, trembling, pulling the jewels from her arms, and the rings from her shaking fingers, and held them all in a heap, quivering and looking up at him. "Throw them down," he said, and she dropped them. He tore the diamond ornament out of her breast, and flung it at Lord Steyne. It cut him on the forehead, and Steyne wore the scar to his dying day.

"Come upstairs," Rawdon said to his wife. "Don't kill me, Rawdon," she said. He laughed savagely. "I want to see if that man lies about the money as he has about me. Has he given you any?"

"No," said Rebecca, "that is"—

"Give me your keys," Rawdon answered, and they went out together.

Rebecca gave him all the keys but one: she was in hopes that he would not have remarked the absence of that. It belonged to her little desk which she kept in a secret place. But Rawdon flung open boxes and wardrobes, throwing the contents here and there, and at last he found the desk. The woman was forced to open it. It contained papers, all sorts of small trinkets

and woman's memoranda. And it contained a pocket-book with bank-notes. Some of these were dated ten years back, too, and one was quite a fresh one—a note for a thousand pounds which Lord Steyne had given her.

“Did he give you this?” Rawdon said.

“Yes,” Rebecca answered.

“I'll send it to him to-day,” Rawdon said (for day had dawned again, and many hours had passed in this search), “and I will pay Briggs, who was kind to the boy, and some of the debts. You will let me know where I shall send the rest to you. You might have spared me a hundred pounds, Becky, out of all this—I have always shared with you.”

“I am innocent,” said Becky. And he left her without another word.

She heard him go downstairs, and the door slam and close on him. She knew he would never come back. He was gone for ever. All her lies and her schemes, all her selfishness and her wiles, all her wit and genius had come to bankruptcy.

THACKERAY

TO A THRUSH IN LONDON

SEATED on topmost twig of yon tall tree,
Sweet singer Nature's highest point you've crowned
To pour your glad song to a weary earth,
And bid us welcome in the Spring's new birth
And lift these eyes long fix'd upon the ground.

To sing such melody in a strange land,
Blithe bird, what wealth of sacrifice you show,
Surely more fit those loving strains to tell
To purer scenes in some sweet restful dell
Where golden daffodil and primrose blow.

Perhaps some unseen power has caused you thus
To leave that home so dear to your own heart,
And bring your message to the Sons of Men,
And bid them stop and pause and think again
Of things in which the City has no part.

Ah, look ! the first fruits of your song are born :
Man stays the rush occasioned by his greed
And lifts his eyes to Heaven, where you between
Teach him the way to better things again,
And henceforth Reason's nobler voices heed.

And that poor wretch in rags, with face forlorn.
Image of God ! Ah, no. O God forbid !

Image of Man—for Man the cause has been.

He, too, your song has heard ; your sweet self seen ;
The only voice of hope these scenes amid.

Your tune has reached pure childhood's couch of pain
In room where scarcely sun has ever shone ;

And lo, green fields, sweet flowers, and birds abound,
And trees and trickling stream with soothing sound :
The only fit companions of your song.

And age, whose form bowed down with life-long toil,
Awaits the swing of Time's relentless scythe,

Though fain would leave men's fretful cares behind
(This race whose ways uncertain as the wind)
Is hopeful you will teach men how to live.

And she who walks so garishly arrayed

Whose thoughts are nought but frivolous and gay ;

Who lives entirely for the fleeting hour

Heeding not that Life will fade—as fades the flower
E'en ere her course has run its little day ;

She hears you and her thoughts have leapt the space
Of time ; the City's streets have passed away

And here's the mill, the stream which feeds the weir,

The cottage, too, and Mother at the door—

And you were singing then, as now to-day.

Sweet bird of hope, sing on ; your song will reach

The hearts where preacher's voice can never come,

And shed some rays of light across the space

Of this dark age, and guide this erring race

In the not distant future to its own.

HORACE BUSBY

CHILDREN

DEAR, we were children together,
Two children, small and gay .
Under the straw in the hen-house
We crept and hid us away.

And we, as the folks were passing,
Cried : " Cock-a-doodle-doo ! "
And all the folk imagined
It was a cock that crew !

The boxes in our courtyard
• With carpeting we laid,
And there we lived together,
In the fine house we had made.

Our neighbour's ancient pussy
Came often to pay us a call ;
We made her bows and curtsies,
And compliments withal !

We asked with solicitous kindness,
How she did ; and time and again
We have put the self-same question
To many old cats since then.

And often like two old cronies,
We'd talk in the wisest way,
Complaining how much better
Things used to be in *our* day.

How love and faith and honour
From the world did disappear;
How very scarce was money;
And coffee, too, how dear!

Passed are the games of childhood—
As all things pass, in sooth!—
The world, and the days and the money
And faith and love and truth.

Translated from HEINE

THE TOPIC WAS LOVE

THE topic was "Love!" They discussed it
As they drank their afternoon tea—
The ladies, with delicate feeling,
The men, æsthetically.

"All Love should be platonic!"
The wizened Councillor said.
His wife with a smile ironic,
Sighed "Ah!" and bent her head.

The Canon opened his mouth wide:
"Love must not be suffered to grow
Too coarse; it unsettles the system!"
The spinster lisped "Is it so?"

Said the Countess, with infinite sadness:
"Ah, Love is a passion with me!"
Then graciously handed the Baron
Another cup of tea.

Sweetheart, one place at the table
Was vacant, lacking you;
Ah! what could you have told them
Of love, had you wanted to!

Translated from HEINE

SALLY'S DREAM

MONOLOGUE, IN TWO PARTS

SCENE.—Unpretentious sitting-room. Enter SALLY, wearing simple dress covered by a large overall or apron.

PART I

I'M fair sick of waiting, that I am—and me ears quite ache with a-listening to folkses' footsteps, thinking every one of em's Bill. Why don't he come? He said he'd come early and take me to the Cinema to-night for a treat—it's too bad of him—I wanted to show him my new rigout, sure I look quite the lady. (*Holds up corner of apron and examines frock.*) I thought a purple velvet trimmed with hermine would look more striking—oh! I just love velvet and hermine—but Bill, he's such a boy for quiet things. He might come, the factory bell rang half an hour ago an' he said he'd come straight here.—I know what it is—more hover time, that's wot it is, an' Bill won't take me to the pictures after all, an' 'ere I am in me new frock, and a bit o' steak that's done to a turn drying up in the pan. Oh, Bill, I am disappointed; I don't believe you care for me a bit. I know wot you'll say, a bit more saved towards our little home—always the home—always scrape, scrape, scrape, for the little home—I want a bit of fun sometimes—an' I did want to go to the Pallis to-night. Millie Green and 'er young man are going and they always sits in

the sixpennies an' I did want 'em to see us in the ninepennies. —Oh well, Bill, I suppose yer do love me—but it's hard never to have a bit of a houting, an' you the best looking chap a girl could be seen walking out with—well, yer won't come now, that's sure.

(*Knock.*) 'Ere he is—but that don't sound like his knock. Oh, it's the postman. (*Picks up a letter.*) A letter for me—oh it's from that mystery man I wrote to in "The Young Ladies' Journal." He tells your fortune fer a bob, if you tells him the colour of your eyes an' hair and the month you was born in. Oh, I wonder what he says to me. (*Rips open letter.*) "Dear Madam," (*laughter.*) Oh! crikey! if it ain't worth a bob to be called Madam—"Dear Madam,—I, the man of mystery, can read your past." Oh lor—I don't think—why I 'aint 'ad one—only work, work, work. I know—he means, when I chucked Jim Jenkins for Bill. (*Reads on.*) "I can for you read fortune's great secret, your future is full of possibilities, I can distinguish in you a person of great occult power"—Oh lor!—"the man of mystery can grant you your greatest wish—give yourself up completely to my hypnotic influence and repeat the following charm:

"Ima frauda simp alyou—
Payyer cashive metafew."

Well, wot rum-sounding stuff—grant me what ever I wish—I jolly well know what that is—money—Why I wish I was a millionaire—no more overtime for Bill—we'd just get married and 'ave such a grand honeymoon—say a week-end in Paris—why we should come back real parasites, wouldn't it be lovely—I've 'arf a mind to try it—there couldn't be no harm. I will. (*Sits down behind the table facing audience and slowly repeats charm.*)

"Ima frauda simp alyou—
Payyer cashive metafew."

Well, nothing 'aint 'appened yet. I'll try again—Oh, man of mystery, grant me my wish:—

"Ima frauda simp alyou—
Payyer cashive metafew."

Well, it don't seem to act—silly twaddle—another bob gone—(*yawns*). I do wish Bill would come.—(*Yawns again and repeats charm sleepily, but allowing words to convey their real sense.*) I am tired.—(*Lets her apron slip unnoticed on to floor behind table, places arms on table and gradually lets head drop on to arms as if asleep.*)

PART II

THE DREAM AND THE AWAKENING

Oh, how my head aches!—rush, rush, from morning till night—how I hate it all—how I should love to go right away from it all—somewhere quiet in the heart of the country—somewhere where I could rest. Well, it's no use wishing. (*Rises and looks at a small diary on table.*) Let's see, it's the Robinsons' dinner this evening and the Smythes' ball to-night, it's nothing else but at homes, dinners, and balls—the same old balls and the same old dinners, the same old artificial politeness. It isn't me they want—it's my money.—How many of my so-called friends care about me, not one—how many cared about me when I was penniless little Sally Evans—Ah! that was three years ago—three years—it seems a lifetime. Something within me to-day calls out for the past—those dear old happy days when I had Bill and love—Bill and love—oh how ridiculous I am—Bill would hardly recognize me now—three years—what a lot has happened, I've been educated, polished, and refined with the money Uncle Simon

left me—oh, I hate it—hate it—every one bows and scrapes to me now and I haven't one true friend in the world.—They call me the beautiful Miss Evans—beautiful (*laughs scornfully*), how much more beautiful am I than I was three years ago—no one called me beautiful then, except Bill—and he said my nose turned up (*laughs and cries together*)—How stupid I am—I am happy—of course I am—I wanted to be rich—money can buy everything—yes, yes, I am happy—I enjoy myself. (*Goes to door and calls*) “Johnson, the motor in ten minutes—bring my hat and coat—oh yes, my letters.” (*Comes from door with hand full of letters, tears them open and reads.*) “Dear Miss Evans,—Will you kindly subscribe to our organ fund? You have so often helped us in the past and I am sure we shall not this time appeal in vain. Many thanks in anticipation.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES SPOFKINS ”

Of course, my dear vicar, I shall be delighted to assist you. (*Opens another letter.*)

“Will you please open our Bazaar in aid of ——” Oh yes, Lady Laura, of course I will open your Bazaar. (*Looking over letters.*) All begging letters, I suppose.—What is this one about, I wonder? looks like a man's writing. (*Rips open letter.*)

“Dear Miss Evans,—“I hardly think you will be surprised to hear from me.” Who is it from? (*turning over letter.*) Algernon FitzJenkins. Whatever does he want? (*Hastily scans letter, rumples it up and throws it down in a temper.*) How dare he? How dare he?—a proposal and not one word of love.—Oh, it's an outrage, an insult. I would have forgiven him if he had said he cared for me, but he takes it for granted that I shall say “yes,” he imagines that I shall snap at this

chance to buy a title and preside over an old family estate—old family estate. You say nothing, Lord Algernon, of the mortgage on your old family estate or your unpaid racing debts. No, Lord Algernon, no—not for a thousand titles would I marry you—you horrid—conceited——(*Sits down again behind table.*) I should never have thought the world could have been so cold, so unkind—oh! for one real friend, one real friend—I'm so lonely. I'm so unhappy. (*Sobs and places head on arms at table in same position as at close of first part. Loud whistle is heard. Sally looks up startled—and speaks with a bewildered expression.*) Why, whatever is that?—Bill's whistle—whatever does it mean? (*Puts her hand up to her head.*) I must have been dreaming—(*suddenly catching sight of apron on the ground*)—crumpling my new frock and my clean apron under my feet. (*Rises, puts on apron and steps forward as again whistle is heard.*) Fancy all that a dream—and I'm still little Sally Evans. Oh! it seems too good to be true—Talk about a dream—why, it was a regular nightmare—whatever made me dream all that rubbish? I know—it was that there mystery man, the old fraud said I should be rich—still, I don't care, it's so beautiful to find I'm still me—I'm so happy——(*Whistle again.*) That's Bill. (*Calls off.*) Come in, Bill, don't stay out there a-whistling fit to blow the house over. I'm not cross with yer—we can go to the second house. I do hope the steak ain't quite dried up.—I'd rather go to a picture pallis with Bill than live in a real pallis without him—that there old mystery man has granted me my wish after all—I've got Bill and love and I'm rich—I'm rich.

LILIAN BIRD

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A SELECTION FROM "ADAM BEDE"

NEAR sunset one evening, a gentleman, a magistrate, was standing at the entrance of Stoniton Jail, when he heard a woman's voice, "Can I get into the prison, please? I want to go to Hetty Sorrel, the young woman who has been condemned to death. I want to stay with her if I may be permitted."

"She is very sullen and will scarcely make answer when spoken to."

"Oh, let me be with her; it may please God to open her heart still."

"Come then; I know that you have a key to unlock hearts."

Dinah followed the Turnkey across the prison court; he struck a light as they entered the dark corridor leading to the condemned cell.

"It'll be pretty nigh dark i' the cell already, but I can stop with my light a bit if you like."

"Nay, friend, thank you; I wish to go in alone."

(As the door opened, a ray of light from the lantern fell on the opposite corner of the cell, where Hetty was sitting, with her face buried in her knees.) Dinah stood still for a moment, then she said softly,

"Hetty,—Hetty dear, Dinah is come to you.—Hetty, don't you know me?—Don't you remember Dinah?—Did you think I wouldn't come to you in your trouble?"

"You can't do nothing for me. You can't make 'em

do anything. They'll hang me o' Monday;—it's Friday now.

"No, Hetty, I can't save you. But isn't the suffering less when you have somebody with you that feels for you, that you can speak to and say what's in your heart? You are glad to have me with you, aren't you, Hetty?"

"You won't leave me, Dinah! You'll keep close to me."

"No, Hetty, I won't leave you. I'll stay with you to the end. But, Hetty, there is some one else in this cell, some one who has been with you through all your hours of trouble. It makes no difference whether we live or die; we are in the presence of God."

"Oh! Dinah, won't nobody do nothing for me? Will they hang me for certain? I wouldn't care if they'd only let me live."

"My poor Hetty, if you could believe God loved you and would help you, it wouldn't be so hard to bear. Hetty, confess. We are before God. He is waiting for you to speak, to tell the truth."

"Dinah, I will speak. . . . I will tell. . . . I won't hide it any more. . . . I did do it, Dinah. . . . I buried it in the wood . . . the little baby . . . but I didn't kill it. I didn't kill it . . . and it cried. . . . I heard it cry ever such a way off . . . all night . . . and I came back because it cried. . . . I did it, Dinah, because I was so miserable, I was so very miserable. . . . I ran away, did you know? I went to Windsor to find him and . . . and he was gone. Then I didn't know what to do. I daren't go back home; I couldn't have bore to look at anybody, they'd have scorned me. Oh, Dinah, it was so dreadful, I wished I'd never been born into this world. Then I got to Stoniton and then—then the little baby was born. And the thought came

into my head that I might get rid of it and go back home again, and never let 'em know why I ran away. Oh, I did so long to be safe home again, and it gave me strength to get up and dress myself. And when the woman went out I put on my shawl and went out with the baby under my cloak, and as I walked on it got lighter, for there came the moon. (It frightened me when it looked at me out of the clouds; and I turned into the fields, for I was frightened of meeting anybody with the moon staring at me.) And I came to a haystack, and I thought I could lie down and keep myself warm all night. And when I woke it was morning and the baby was crying. And I saw a wood a little way off and I thought I could hide the child there and get a long way off before folks was up. And then I could go back home again. Oh, Dinah! I did so long to be safe home again. So I went on to the wood and I came to a place where there was lots of turf and chips, and all of a sudden I saw a hole under a nut tree. And it darted into me I'd lay the baby there and cover it with grass and chips; I thought perhaps somebody might see it and care for it. It cried so, Dinah, I couldn't quite cover it up. And I made haste out of the wood—but I could hear the baby crying all the while, and it was as if I was held fast, I couldn't run away for all I wanted to go. So I stayed to watch if anybody 'ud come; and after ever such a while—hours and hours, a man came. I thought he would find the baby,—so I made haste on again and at last I came to a barn, and I was so tired and weak I went to sleep there,—but the baby's crying kept waking me. And, oh Dinah, I couldn't help it—I turned back; it was the baby's crying made me go. I felt I wanted my baby. I went back to the place against the nut tree. I could hear the crying at every step—and I don't know what I felt until I found . . . the baby—

was gone. I was struck like a stone with fear. I never thought o' stirring. . . . I was so weak, I knew I couldn't run away and everybody that saw me 'ud know about the baby. But they came and took me away.

Oh, Dinah! now I've told you everything do you think God will take away that crying? . . . the little baby's crying."

* * * *

It was a sight people remembered better even than their own sorrows, the sight on that grey morning, when the fatal cart, with the two young women in it, was descried by the waiting multitude. When Hetty caught sight of the vast crowd, she clutched Dinah convulsively.

"Close your eyes, Hetty, and let us pray without ceasing." In a low voice she poured forth her soul in a last pleading for the trembling creature that clung to her.

When the cart stopped, she shrank back appalled at a loud shout. But it was not a shout of execration, not a yell of cruelty. It was a shout of sudden excitement at the appearance of a horseman cleaving the crowd at full gallop. The rider looks as if his eyes were glazed by madness. See, he has something in his hand, —he is holding it up, as if it were a signal.

It is Arthur Donnithorne carrying in his hand a hard-won release from death.

GEORGE ELIOT

THE PARABLE OF THE RINGS

The Sultan Saladin sends for Nathan the Jew—known as Nathan the Wise—telling him that the object of his sending was to learn which of three Faiths appeared to him the best—the Jewish, the Mohammedan or the Christian. Saladin insists that of these three religions only one can be the true. In reply Nathan asks to be allowed to relate this tale.

IN days of yore, there dwelt in East a man
Who from a valued hand received a ring
Of endless worth : the stone of it an opal ;
That shot an ever changing tint : moreover.
It had the hidden virtue him to render
Of God and man beloved. Was it strange
The eastern man ne'er drew it off his finger,
And studiously provided to secure it
For ever to his house. Thus—He bequeath'd it ;
First to the *most beloved of his sons*.
Ordained that he again should leave the ring
To the *most dear* among his children—and
That without heeding birth, the *favourite* son,
In virtue of the ring alone, should always
Remain the lord o' th' house—

From son to son,
At length this ring descended to a father,
Who had three sons, alike obedient to him ;

Whom therefore he could not but love alike.
 At times seemed this, now that, at times the third
 (Accordingly as each apart received
 The overflowings of his heart) most worthy
 To heir the ring, which with good-natured weakness
 He privately to each in turn had promised.
 This went on for a while. But death approached,
 And the good father grew embarrassed. So
 To disappoint two sons, who trust his promise,
 He could not bear. What's to be done. He sends
 In secret to a jeweller, of whom,
 Upon the model of the real ring,
 He might bespeak two others, and commanded
 To spare nor cost nor pains to make them like,
 Quite like the true one. This the artist managed.
 The rings were brought, and e'en the father's eye
 Could not distinguish which had been the model
 Quite overjoyed he summons all his sons,
 Takes leave of each apart, on each bestows
 His blessing and his ring, and dies—

Scarce is the father dead, each with his ring
 Appears, and claims to be the lord o' th' house.
 Comes question, strife, complaint—all to no end;
 For the true ring could no more be distinguished
 Than now can—the true faith.
 As said, the sons complained. Each to the judge
 Swore from his father's hand immediately
 To have received the ring, as was the case;
 After he had long obtained the father's promise
 One day to have the ring, as also was.
 The father, each asserted, could to him
 Not have been false, rather than so suspect
 Of such a father, willing as he might be

With charity to judge his brethren, he
Of treacherous forgery was bold t' accuse them.

The judge said, If ye summon not the father
Before my seat, I cannot give a sentence.
Am I to guess enigmas? Or expect ye
That the true ring should here unseal its lips?
But hold—you tell me that the real ring
Enjoys the hidden power to make the wearer
Of God and man beloved; let that decide.
Which of you do your brothers love the best?
You're silent. Do these love-exciting rings
Act inward only, not without? Does each
Love but himself? Ye're all deceived deceivers,
None of your rings is true. The real ring
Perhaps is gone.

And (the judge continued)

If you will take advice in lieu of sentence,
This is my counsel to you,
If each of you
Has had a ring presented by his father,
Let each believe his own the real ring.
'Tis possible the father chose no longer
To tolerate the one ring's tyranny;
And certainly, as he much loved you all,
And loved you all alike, it could not please him
By favouring one to be of two the oppressor.
Let each feel honoured by this free affection.
Unwarped of prejudice; let each endeavour
To vie with both his brothers in displaying
The virtue of his ring; assist its might
With gentleness, benevolence, forbearance
With inward resignation to the godhead,

And if the virtues of the ring continue
To show themselves among your children's children,
After a thousand thousand years, appear
Before the judgment-seat—a greater one
Than I shall sit upon it, and decide.

An Adaptation from LESSING

THE OUTCAST

SLOWLY in at the Abbey door
SA ragged stranger stole,
He dragged his feet o'er the shining floor,
And he stared like a 'wildered soul.

He stood in the aisle illumed by the sun,
He put his hand to his head,
"What are they doing?" he asked of one;
"Praying to Christ," they said.

The organ rolled in stormy spheres,
The sea of song was loud,
He put his fingers up to his ears,
And crept to the edge of the crowd.

There, while he turned his mournful eyes,
In wonder, weary and dim,
In solemn wise did folk arise
And held a bag to him.

He craved an alms—they passed him by
And one that was robed and stoled
Stood in the east and lifted on high
The gifts of silver and gold.

He scarce could see for the hunger qualms,
 "What are they doing?" said he;
 "Hush! they offer Christ the alms,
 Down on thy bended knee.

The heads are bowed: the organ rolls:
 "What do they now?" he said.
 "Be silent, man: to the faithful souls
 They give the wine and bread."

He fell on his knees in the guarded space:
 They set the Bread in his hand:
 He stared at the priest with his famished face,
 And he could not understand.

He dragged his feet to the darkest seat,
 Like a soul that hath no kin:
 The crowd went slowly into the street:
 The vergers locked him in.

The sunshine made the window bright,
 As he sank with his head on the seat:
 He looked at Christ in the heavenly height,
 With the planets under His feet.

And then there came to dust and sweep
 Two women weary and old:
 They shook the man to rouse him from sleep—
 The man was dead and cold.

They looked at him long in wonder and fear
 One kneels beside him—then stands—
 "Only a ragged scar on his brow,
 And marks as of nails on his hands."

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

ONCE UPON A TIME

THERE'S a story that I know, my dears,
A story told in rhyme,
And it happened long ago, my dears,
Once upon a time.
Outside a certain city
Lived a maiden and a youth,
And he said that she was pretty
And perhaps he spoke the truth.
'Tis but a simple tale, my dears,
Set forth in foolish rhyme,
But it happened long ago, my dears,
Once upon a time.

Now upon that maiden's hand, my dears,
The youth did set a ring,
And to that simple band, my dears,
Some magic seemed to cling.
For the ring bewitched the holder
And the giver—in this wise,
That henceforth they grew no older
In one another's eyes.
And besides, as common folk, my dears,
Bewitched they must have been
For, she thought him a king, my dears,
And he thought her a queen.

'Tis many years ago, my dears,
 Since once upon a time,
The village bells rang out, my dears,
 That couple's marriage chime.
And the maiden of my ditty
 Now has hair as white as snow,
But he thinks her just as pretty,
 As he thought her long ago.
And she thinks him a king, my dears,
 This hero of my rhyme,
As she thought him long ago, my dears,
 Once upon a time.

BASIL HOOD

THE ONLY WAY

MY Mother she was oh ! so strict,
I always was offending ;
When she was young, she loved such work
As sewing, knitting, mending.
She often said, " If after boys,
You running, miss, I catch,
You'll go to bed all day !—dry bread !"
But oh ! she found her match,
For all the boys ran after me,
I waited for them—don't you see ?
It seemed the only way !

I knew one boy, he was so kind,
When we to school were walking,
He carried all my lesson books ;
Till Mother caught us talking.—
With frowns she said, " I've found you out,
These forward ways must drop ;
If you two meet along the street
Just bow—but never stop."
We did not meet—but I walked slow
So he could catch me up, you know.
It seemed the only way !

We both grew up—he was not rich,
Just “something in the City,”
We were engaged—a ring he gave,
And trinkets oh ! so pretty.
When Mother knew oh ! she was cross.
She said, “Return the lot ;
You need a smack !” She made me pack
His Gifts—but—she forgot
The kiss that he had given to me,
I gave that back as well, you see,
It seemed the only way !

Then Mother said, “What foolishness,
’Tis better far to tarry
Till he is rich and you are wise ;
You two shall never marry.”
I did not want to wed in haste
Nor him to hurry me,
But when a ring he bought last Spring,
A plain gold ring, you see,
Our dear old Parson married us
And put an end to all the fuss.
It seemed the only way.

LILIAN BIRD

HER B.A.

SHE was quite a blue stocking before she was ten,
At fifteen she'd written a book about men,
Exposing their vanity, dandified ways,
Fancy shirts and silk socks on their half holidays.
She explained at great length how each man was a flirt,
And she warned all the girls to be on the alert.
"Never love, never marry," she wrote in conclusion,
"But live always like me—in single seclusion."
So wise she became, that when scarce turned eighteen,
In her cap and her gown, she at college was seen.
But what happened the course of her life's work to sever?
Why, just a year later—though mightily clever,
She fell deeply in love with a man she had rated.
Calmly altered her mind and soon they were mated.
Her age, I should say—it was twenty-one maybe,
When she had her B.A.—her own little Baby.

LILIAN BIRD

THE FATAL SMILE

ONCE on a time, so stories show,
There roved this world long long ago
A malevolent Sprite
Whose wicked delight
Was to vex and affright poor mortals below
By acts of the most malignant spite
And every sort of conceivable woe,
Whose only endeavour
Seemed how to dissever
From man every source of enjoyment whatever.
And even still,
When we think of the ill
And sorrow and grief which the world doth fill.
This imp even yet, seems to wander at will.
Be this as it may—
One Christmas day,
When the weather was bright and the world was gay,
It entered a house,
How, nobody knew,
And quiet as a mouse,
Without any ado
It found its way to a room, where reposing
In innocent slumber a baby lay dozing;
And all the while
Unconscious of guile
Its little face beamed with a heavenly smile.

The imp drew near
With an ominous sneer
And said, with a most diabolical leer,
"At every time,
"In every place,
"Still wear this smile upon your face.
"Should Fortune frown, or foe beguile
"Still wear this everlasting smile."

He then withdrew
From mortal view
And swiftly out by the chimney flew,
And what had happ'd
While in slumber wrapt
The baby napp'd
No one, not even its mother knew.

Soon, a terrible ache
Caused the child to awake
(It had eaten too much of the Christmas cake),
And mother and nurse
Not knowing the curse,
But being beguiled, as the little chap smiled,
Gave him more cake and pudding which made him worse.
And all were deceived
For no one believed
That a child, while it smiled, could be sickly or grieved.

And as infancy passed
Into boyhood at last,
No one had detected nor even suspected
The shadow which over his life had been cast,
When at school, with his curious smile-haunted face
Amongst his companions he takes his place.
But the boys can't make out
What he's laughing about.

And indignant surprise
 Is expressed in their eyes
 As they whisper forbodingly—"Wait till we're out!"
 Ev'n his teachers with like indignation resent
 Such unseemly, indecorous merriment.
 So the poor little duffer
 Has only to suffer
 His pathway through life growing rougher and rougher.

But how may I tell
 What further befell?
 For what happened at school happened elsewhere as well,
 And wherever he went
 They mistook what he meant
 And even at church misdivined his intent.
 For though really godfearing
 They thought he was jeering
 And said, "It must be at the church he is sneering!"
 So with noses in air,
 And a horrified stare
 At the impious boldness of one who could dare
 Their Faith to deride—!
 In sanctified pride
 The godly passed by on the other side.
 His odious impiety
 Shocked their propriety,
 And they one and all scouted him out of society.
 (Of course this all happened quite long ago?
 This sort of thing isn't done now, you know.)

But alas! for the victim (whoever he be)
 Of the pharisees' pride and malignity.

Christmas morn breaks clear and fair,
 Christmas bells ring through the air;

The snow lies white
In the morning light
And mirth and gladness are everywhere.
Within the great cathedral pile
The anthem swells through the vaulted aisle
As the people raise their songs of praise
And the pealing organ is heard the while.

Who is he? Stretched in the snow
On the marble steps at the western door
Who can he be? Does nobody know?

The sound of the anthem sweet and clear
Faintly falls on his dying ear,
“Peace on earth good will to men,
Joy has come to earth again.”

And while the people kneel to pray
A broken spirit has passed away.

The service o'er
Through the great church door
They flock on their way through the world once more
When lo! in the shade
Of the portal, laid
On the spotless bier which the snow had made.
“Now who can it possibly be?” they said.
On his white drawn face
There is still the trace
Of a smile, so gruesome, so out of place—

“And see!” they said,
“He smiles tho’ he’s dead;
What a happy life he must have led”

Ah ! often we make
 A sorry mistake
 When we think we can trace
 By a tear or grimace
 The thoughts of the heart, by the looks of the face.
CYNICUS

A SCENE FROM "MARY STUART"

The characters introduced are Mary Queen of Scots, her old nurse, Hannah Kennedy, Sir Amias Paulet, the prison attendant of Mary, and Queen Elizabeth.

Scene.—The grounds of Fotheringay Castle.

(MARY advances running. HANNAH KENNEDY follows slowly.)

KENNEDY. You hasten on as if endow'd with wings;
I cannot follow you so swiftly—wait.

MARY. Freedom returns! O let me enjoy it,
Let me be childish—be thou childish with me!
Freedom invites me! O let me employ it.

KENNEDY. O, my dear Lady! but a very little
Is your sad goal extended; you behold not
The wall that shuts us in.

MARY. Lo, gentle Hannah! Trust me, not in vain
My prison gates are opened. This small grace
Is harbinger of greater happiness.

(Enter PAULET.)

PAULET. Well! have I acted right at last, my Lady?
Do I for once, at least deserve your thanks?
I visited the Court,
And gave the Queen your letter.

MARY. Did you give it?
In very truth did you deliver it?

And is this freedom which I now enjoy
The happy consequence ?

PAULET (*significantly*). Nor that alone.

Prepare yourself to see a greater still.
The Queen is hunting in the neighbourhood—
In a few moments she'll appear before you.
Now summon all your powers of eloquence ;
The important time to use them now is come.

MARY. Oh, why was I not told of this before ?

PAULET. Command yourself—summon all your courage.
'Tis the decisive moment of your fate.

MARY. For years I've waited, and prepared myself,
For this I've studied, weighed and written down
Each word within the tablet of my memory.
That was to touch and move her to compassion,
But nothing lives within me at this moment
But the fierce, burning feeling of my wrongs.
My heart is turned to direst hate against her ;
All gentle thoughts, all sweet forgiving words
Are gone.

PAULET. No good ensues when hate's opposed to hate.
You must submit to stern necessity.
The power is in her hand ; be therefore humble.
The Queen approaches.

(ELIZABETH *enters and speaks off*.)

ELIZABETH. Send back our retinue to London ;
The people crowd too eager in the roads,
We'll seek a refuge in this quiet park.

(*She looks steadfastly at MARY as she speaks to*
PAULET).

My honest people love me overmuch.
These signs of joy are quite idolatrous.
Thus should a God be honoured, not a mortal.
What lady's that ?

PAULET. You are at Fotheringay, my Liege.

ELIZABETH. How, my Lord!

Which of you announced to me a prisoner
Bowed down by woe? I see a haughty one,
By no means humbled by calamity.

MARY (*aside*). I will forget my dignity, and all
My sufferings; I will fall before her feet.

(*She turns towards the QUEEN.*)

The voice of Heaven decides for you, my sister,
Your happy brows are now with triumph crown'd,

(*She kneels*)

But in your turn, be merciful, my sister,
Let me not lie before you thus disgraced;
Stretch forth your hand, your royal hand, to raise
Your sister from the depths of her distress.

ELIZABETH. You are where it becomes you, Lady
Stuart,

And thankfully I prize my God's protection,
Who hath not suffered me to kneel a suppliant
Thus at your feet, as you now kneel at mine.

MARY. O! for God's pity, stand not so estranged.
My all, my life, my fortune now depends
Upon the influence of my words and tears.

ELIZABETH. What would you say to me, my Lady
Stuart?

You wished to speak with me; and I forgetting
The Queen, and all the wrongs I have sustained,
Fulfil the pious duty of the sister,
And grant the boon you wished for of my presence.

MARY. O! how shall I begin? O! how shall I
So carefully arrange my cautious words,
That they may touch, yet not offend your heart?
Strengthen my words, O Heaven! and take from
them

Whate'er might wound. Alas ! I cannot speak
 In my own cause, without impeaching you,
 And that most heavily, I wish not so ;
 You have not, as you ought, behaved to me ;
 I am a Queen, like you, yet you have held me
 Confined in prison—torn from me friends and
 servants.

I was exposed, and hurried to the bar
 Of a disgraceful, insolent tribunal.
 Now stand we face to face ; now, sister, speak,
 Name but my crime, I'll fully satisfy you.
 Alas ! had you vouchsafed to hear me then—

ELIZABETH. My better stars preserved me. I was
 warned

And laid not to my breast the poisonous adder !
 Force is my only surety ; no alliance
 Can be concluded with a race of vipers.

MARY. O ! this is but your wretched dark suspicion ?
 For you have constantly regarded me
 But as a stranger and an enemy.

Had you declared me heir to your dominions—

ELIZABETH. Name *you* my successor ! The treacherous
 snare

That in my life you might seduce my people
 And I—

MARY. Oh, sister, rule your realm in peace ;
 I give up ev'ry claim to these domains—
 Greatness entices me no more : your point
 Is gained ; I am but Mary's shadow now.

ELIZABETH. And you confess at last that you are
 conquered.

Are all your schemes run out ? No more assassins
 Now on the road ? Will no adventurer
 Attempt again, for you, the sad achievement ?
 Yes, Madam, it is over—you'll seduce

No mortal more. The world has other cares :
None is ambitious of the dang'rous honour
Of being your fourth husband—

MARY. Grant me forbearance, all ye powers of heaven !

ELIZABETH (*regarding her with a look of contempt*).
Those then are the charms

Which no man with impunity can view,
Near which no woman dare attempt to stand ?
In sooth, this honour has been cheaply gained.

MARY. This is too much !

ELIZABETH (*laughing insultingly*). You show us now,
indeed,

Your real face ; till now 'twas but the mask !

MARY (*burning with rage, yet dignified*). My sins were
human, and the faults of youth ;

Superior force misled me. I have never
Denied or sought to hide it ; I despised
All false appearance as became a Queen.
The worst of me is known, and I can say,
That I am better than the fame I bear.

Woe to you ! when in time to come, the world
Shall draw the robe of honour from your deeds.

The generous Britons

Are cheated by a juggler (whose whole figure is false
and painted, heart as well as face !)

If right prevailed, you now would in the dust
Before me lie, for I'm your rightful monarch !

(ELIZABETH, *speechless with anger, casts enraged looks at*
MARY *and hastily quits the stage.*)

MARY. A weight falls off my heart, a weight of moun-
tains,

After whole years of sorrow and abasement
One moment of victorious revenge !

Adapted from SCHILLER

AT THE OPERA

AT Paris it was, at the opera there,
And she looked like a queen of old time that night,
With the wreathèd pearls in her raven hair,
And her breast with the diamond bright.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow,
And who has not thrilled in the strangest way,
As the troubadour sang, while the lights burned low,
“Non ti scordar di me.”

Side by side in our box we sat,
Together my bride betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent and both were sad,
Queenly she leaned on her full soft arm,
With the regal indolent air she had,
So confident of her charm.

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I trust that to reach the Kingdom of Heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to steal
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress she wore last time
When we stood 'neath the cypress trees together,
In that lost land, in her own soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather.

By the broken wall, by the brown grass plot,
And her warm white neck with its golden chain,
And her full soft hair wound into a knot
And falling loose again.

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast—
Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!—
And the last bird singing alone to its nest,
And the first star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Where the sentinel cypress tree stands over;
And I thought were she only living still
How I could forgive her and love her!

And I swear, as I thought of her thus in that hour,
 And of how, after all, old things are best,
 That I smelt the scent of that jasmine flower
 That she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint and it smelt so sweet,
 It made me creep and it made me cold,
 Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
 Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked—she was sitting there
 In a dim box over the stage, and dressed
 In the dress that I knew, with her full soft hair,
 And the jasmine at her breast.

My early love with her eyes downcast,
 And over her blush-rose face the shade;
 In short, from the Future back to the Past
 There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride,
 One moment I looked, then I stole to the door;
 I traversed the passage, and down by her side
 I was sitting a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
 Or something that never will be expressed,
 Had brought her back from her grave again,
 With the jasmine at her breast.

She is not dead and she is not wed—
 But she loves me now as she loved me then;
 At the very first words her dear lips said
 My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there of Carabas,

She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still,
And but for her . . . well, we will let that pass;
She may marry whomever she will.

But I, I will wed my own first love,

With her eyes downcast, for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,

And love must cling where it can, I say,
For Beauty is easy enough to win,
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think in the lives of most women and men

There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the Dead could find out when
To return and be forgiven.

But oh! the scent of that jasmine flower,

And oh! the music and oh! the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
"Non ti scordar di me—non ti scordar di me."

OWEN MEREDITH

THE HEAVENLY MEADOW

TO Heaven's Meadows, bright with flowers and
sunshine,
The little children go,
When they have had enough of life's sad dreaming
And leave the earth below.

But as they had not time to learn their lessons
Before they went away,
There is a school, where all the angel children
Must work four hours a day.

With golden pencils upon silver tablets,
They copy fairy tales,
And learn to keep their halos bright and shining,
And sing and play their scales.

But Sunday is the day they love and long for ;
Then all the children go
And play from morn till night within a meadow,
Where flowers in thousands grow.

Through Heaven's gate they all must pass to find it,
Where Peter with the key
Keeps watch and warns the little angels kindly
How good they all must be.

They must not fly about or run too quickly,
Nor go too far away,
And when upon his golden key he calls them
Then they must all obey.

* * * * *

One day it was so very hot in Heaven
That good St. Peter slept,
And when the little Angel children saw it.
Away they quickly crept.

Ah! then they ran and flew about with laughter,
And fluttered far and wide,
So far they wandered, that of Heaven's meadow
They reached the other side.

They came to where the strong, tall, wooden paling
Shut all that place away,
Where idle, careless, mischief-loving, naughty
Little Imps of Darkness stray.

And there the angels stopped, devoutly wishing
Some opening there must be,
So that they might each one in turn peep through it
And see what they could see.

But not a chink or hole for all their seeking,
No gleam of light pierced through,
So with their little wings outspread and eager,
Right to the top they flew;

And looking down they saw with awe and wonder
Imps all as black as soot;
Each had two horns and each a tale to play with,
And hoof, instead of foot.

They heard the rustle of the angel feathers
They felt the cool sweet air,
And lifting up their little coal-black faces
They saw Heaven's children there.

Then with one voice they cried : " Oh ! angel children,
You look so good and fair,
We pray you, let us come up into Heaven
And play a little there.

We will not tweak nor pull your shining feathers,
But be so very good ;
We will not try and steal your little halos,
We'll all do as we should."

Then every little imp, with shouts and laughter,
Helped by an angel's hand,
Scrambled right over the great wooden paling
And stood in Heaven's land.

They all, with air sedate and pious faces,
Discreetly walked around,
Their tales like trains upon their arms upholding,
And eyes upon the ground.

The little Angels fluttered round in rapture,
Bade them on dewdrops feast,
And showed them where the silver moon was rising
To light them from the east.

Alas ! when all the little demons saw her,
The moon so large and round,
They all began to roar, and growl, and gibber,
And leap from off the ground.

They mocked the great white moon with ugly faces,
Turned somersaults in air,
And when the angels prayed them cease, in terror,
They said they did not care.

They chased the birds that sang among the tree-tops
And hushed their music sweet,
They pulled the little angels' tender feathers,
And trod upon their feet.

Then to the good St. Peter cried the angels
To help them in their pain,
And if he would just this one time forgive them,
They would be good again.

Then rose St. Peter from his peaceful dreaming—
An angry saint was he—
He wrung his hands and clasped his head in horror
And seized his golden key.

Then blew a mighty blast in wrath upon it,
Back all the angels flew,
And wide he threw the doors of Heaven open
And thrust the children through.

And then he called two great and powerful angels,
The strongest of the race,
To chase the little demons out of Heaven,
And clear the holy place.

They gathered up the little imps in armfuls,
Bore them with mighty stride,
And flung them over the strong wooden paling
Down on the other side.

And though they fought and lashed their tales and
 whimpered,
 And kicked with might and main,
To Heaven's Meadow bright with the sun and flowers
 They never came again.

For two long months the little Angel children
 Were not allowed to play
Before the door of Heaven in the meadow,
 But stayed in all the day.

And when again they sought the Heavenly Meadow,
 Each child with humble mind
Must lay aside its little shining halo,
 And leave its wings behind.

ANON.

THE BRIDE OF THE CYMBALEER

This piece is printed in response to many applications I have received for my condensed and adapted version of the poem.

A. H.

MY Liege, the Duke of Brittany,
Has summoned his vassals all.
The list is a lengthy litany,
And among them shall ye meet
None but lords of land and hall,
Barons who dwell in castle keep
And mail-clad count and peer
Whose forts are fenced and moated deep,
But none excels in soldiership
My own loved Cymbaleer.
Clashing his cymbals forth he went
With a bold and gallant bearing;
Sure for a captain he was meant
To judge from his accoutrement
And the cloth of gold he's wearing.
But since he left my side, I feel
A dread upon me creeping,
And in the chapel oft I kneel.
Oh! Mary Mother, place his weal
In his good angel's keeping.
No letters, no fond lover's gage
From him could I require,

The pain of absence to assuage
A vassal maid can have no page
A liegeman has no squire.
The Duke has vanquished all his foes,
My Cymbaleer returns,
The troops draw near in serried rows,
My heart to greet him burns.
Back from the battlefield elate
His banner brings each peer.
Come, let us at the city gate
Behold the army pass in state,
The Duke and my Cymbaleer.
Oh ! come, my sisters, let us haste,
Our porch with garlands hang,
With laurels decked and true love graced
And in his bold hands fitly placed
The bounding cymbals clang.
With music faint the air is rent.
Hark ! I can hear the drums,
And ladies fair from silken tent
Peep forth and every eye is bent
On the cavalcade that comes.
The halberdiers upon the flanks
Loud as they tread their armour clanks,
And silk-robed barons lead the ranks,
The flower of gallantry,
In robes of white the priestly choir
The heralds on white steeds,
Coats of arms deck their attire
Armorial bearings of their sire,
Famed for heroic deeds.
Here comes the Duke with radiant brow,
With all his cavaliers,
Round his triumphant banner bow
Those of the foe—Look, sisters, now,

Now come the cymbaleers.

Breathless she stands with eager eye
All pale—with look aghast,
And as the thoughtless crowd sweep by
A piteous moan—a stifled cry—
The cymbaleers had passed.

From the French of VICTOR HUGO

THE LADY AND THE TIGER

IN olden times there lived a semi-barbaric king. He was a man of exuberant fancy and of an authority so irresistible that, at his will, he turned his fancies into facts.

Among the notions by which his barbarism had become semi-fied was that of the public arena, in which, by exhibitions of manly and beastly valour, the minds of his subjects were refined and cultured. This vast public arena, with its galleries, its mysterious vaults, and its unseen passages, was an agent of poetic justice, in which crime was punished, or virtue rewarded, by the decrees of an impartial and incorruptible chance.

When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the king, public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the king's arena.

When all the people had assembled, and the king, surrounded by his court, sat high up on his throne of royal state, he gave a signal, a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheatre. Directly opposite him were two doors, exactly alike and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial to walk directly to these doors and open one of them. He could open either door he pleased : he was subject to no guidance or influence

but that of the aforementioned impartial and incorruptible chance. If he opened the one, there came out of it a tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him; and tore him to pieces, as a punishment for his guilt.

But if the accused person opened the other door there came forth from it a lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his majesty could select among his fair subjects; and to this lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence. It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection; the king allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reward. This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady: he opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether in the next instant he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the tiger came out of one door, and on some out of the other. The decisions were not only fair, they were positively determinate: the accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty; and, if innocent, he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no escape from the judgments of the king's arena.

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood, and lowness of station common to heroes of romance who love royal maidens. The princess loved him with an ardour that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm." This love affair moved on happily, until one day the king discovered its existence. Never before had

such a case occurred ; never before had a subject dared to love the daughter of a king. The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day appointed for his trial in the king's arena.

The tiger cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and relentless beasts, from which the fiercest monster might be selected for the arena ; and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges, in order that the young man might have a fitting bride in case fate did not determine for him a different destiny.

The appointed day arrived. From far and near the people gathered, and thronged the great galleries of the arena. The king and his court were in their places, opposite the twin doors—those fateful portals.

All was ready. The signal was given. A door opened and the lover of the princess walked into the arena. Tall and beautiful, his appearance was greeted with a hum of admiration and anxiety. No wonder the princess loved him.

As the youth advanced into the arena he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the king ; but his eyes were fixed upon the princess who sat beside her father. From the moment that the decree had gone forth she had thought of nothing, night or day, but this great event. Possessed of more power, influence and force of character than anyone who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had done what no other person had done—she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the two rooms that lay behind those doors stood the cage of the tiger, and in which waited the lady.

And not only did she know in which room stood the lady, but she knew who the lady was. It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the court damsels—and the

princess hated her. Often had she seen, or imagined that she had seen, this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon her lover, and sometimes she thought these glances even returned. She had seen them talking together; it was but for a moment or two, but much can be said in a brief space; it may have been on most unimportant topics, but how could she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the princess; and, with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers as she sat there, pale and white, he saw that she knew behind which door crouched the tiger, and behind which stood the lady. He saw she had succeeded, as in his soul he knew she would succeed.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question: "Which?" It was as plain to her as if he shouted it from where he stood. There was not an instant to be lost. The question was asked in a flash; it must be answered in a flash. Her right arm lay on the cushioned parapet before her. She raised her hand, and made a slight, quick movement toward the right. No one but her lover saw her. Every eye was fixed on the man in the arena. He turned, and with a firm but rapid step he walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed upon the man. Without the slightest hesitation, he went to the door on the right and opened it.

* * * * *

Now, the point of the story is this: did the tiger come out at that door, or did the lady?

The more we reflect upon the question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a study of the human heart.

out of which it is difficult to find our way. Think of it, not as if the decision depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric princess, her soul at a white heat beneath the fires of despair and jealousy. She had lost him, but who should have him? How often, in her dreams, had she started in wild horror as she thought of her lover opening the door on the other side of which waited the cruel fangs of the tiger.

But how much oftener had she seen him at the other door! How had she gnashed her teeth, and torn her hair, when she saw his start of rapturous delight as he opened the door of the lady! How her soul had burned in agony when she had seen him rush to meet that woman.

Would it not be better for him to die at once, and go to wait for her in the blessed regions of semi-barbaric futurity?

And yet, that awful tiger, those shrieks, that blood!

Her decision had been indicated in an instant, but it had been made after days and nights of anguished deliberation. She had known she would be asked, she had decided what she would answer, and, without the slightest hesitation, she had moved her hand to the right.

The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume to set myself up as the one person able to answer it. So I leave it with you: Which came out of the opened door—the lady, or the tiger?

F. R. STOCKTON

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY

OVER the mountains and over the waves,
Under the fountains and under the graves,
Under floods that are deepest
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly,
Where the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay,
If love come he will enter
And soon find out his way.

Some think to lose him
By having him confined,
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind ;
But if ne'er so close you wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
Soon will find out a way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might ;
— Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight ;
But if she whom love doth honour
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist,
Or you may inveigle
The Phoenix of the east ;
The lioness, you may move her
To give over her prey ;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover,
He will find out his way.

ANON.

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY

THE past may be doleful and dismal,
The future be darker still,
But the present is ours to make it
As bright or as dark as we will.
The future lies long stretched before us,
The present quick passes away ;
So leave crying and sighs for to-morrow,
And do all our laughing to-day.

This minute of time just now passing
Is all that in truth is our own ;
Then why spend its few precious seconds
In framing the breath for a moan ?
If the future has woes, that same future
Has also the tears one must pay ;
Then weep—if we must weep—to-morrow,
Let's laugh and be merry to-day.

Oh, rich golden gift of the present !
Let us cherish the joy that it brings ;
Save up all our gloom for the future,
And list to the heart when it sings.
So life will be robbed of some trials,
We'll find ill foreseen pass away
If we only leave sighs for to-morrow,
And laugh and be happy to-day.

Look for trouble—one finds it—don't seek it,
And often it stays there afar ;
'Tis like mists that seem dark in the gloaming,
Till pierced by the gleam of a star.
Oh, life needs the heart's cheerful sunshine !
Why not have as much as we may ?
Then weep—if we must weep—to-morrow,
But laugh while we can laugh, to-day !

ANON.

WHEN DE FOLKS IS GONE

WHAT'S dat sc'atchin' at the kitchen do' ?
Done heeren dat fo' an hour or mo' ;
Tell you, Mistah Niggah, jes' sho's you bawn
It's mighty lonesome waitin' when de folks am gone.

Blame my trap, how de wind do blow !
Dis am jes' de night fo' de witches sho' !
Dey's trouble gwine ter waste when dexole dog whine,
An' you hear de cat a-spittin' an' de moon don't shine.

I chune my fiddle an' de bridge go bang,
An' I lef' her right whar she allus hang,
An' de tribble snap sho't an' de apern split,
When dey wa'nt no mo'tal man a-techin' it !

Dar ! now what ? How de ole jice cracks !
Speck dis hause, ef hit tole plain facts,
'Ud talk about de haunts wid de long tails on,
Dat dassent only come when de folks is gone.

What I took en done ef a shure-nuff gos ;
Pop right up dar by de ol' bed-post ;
What's dat shinin' froo de front do' crack ?
God bless my soul ! It's de folks got back !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THE APOSTATE

JUNE'S a comin' and in my soul I feel the thrilling joy
That always comes this time of year to every little boy,
'Cos at this time the Sunday Schools at picnics may be
seen

Where "fields beyond the swellin' flood are dressed in
livin' green."

Where little girls are skeered to death of spiders, wasps
and ants,

And little boys get grass stains on their go-to-meetin'
pants.

June's a comin'! and with it oh! what happiness is
mine!

There's goin' to be a school treat—and I'm goin' to jine.

One year I joined the Baptises. My goodness, how it
rained

My Grandpa says that that's the way the Baptises was
named;

So then I joined the Piskypuls and had a heap o' fun,

But the best of all the school treats is the Presbyterium.

They have so many salids, puddens, sandwiches and pies

A fellow wished his stummick was as hungry as his eyes.

The eatin' Presbyteriums give, I tell you, is so fine,

That when they give a school treat you bet I'm goin'
to jine.

But just this month, the Methodists have special claims
on me

'Cos they're goin' to give a school treat on the twenty-
first D.V.

Though hetredox their articles of faith may elsewhise be
Their doctrine of Bath buns is good enough for me.

So on the twenty-first, D.V., the weather bein' fine,
The Methodists have a school treat and you bet I'm
goin' to jine.

EUGENE FIELD

THE RAGGEDY MAN

O H, the Raggedy Man, he works for Pa,
And he's the goodest man you ever saw.
He comes to our house every day
And waters the horses and feeds 'em with hay,
And he opens the shed—and we allist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobblely calf.
An' nen ef our hired girl says he can,
He milks the cows for 'Lizabeth Ann.
Ain't he an awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy, Raggedy, Raggedy Man.

Why, the Raggedy Man, he is so good
He cleans the boots and chops the wood,
An' nen he digs in our garden too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do.
He climbed clean up in our big tree,
An' shooked a apple down for me,
An' 'nother one too for 'Lizabeth Ann,
An' 'nother one too for the Raggedy Man.
Ain't he an awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy, Raggedy, Raggedy Man.

An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes.

Knows about giants an' griffuns and elves,
An' the squidgicum squees, 'at swallers themselves.
An' right by the pump in our pasture lot
He showed me the hole 'at the wunks is got,
What lives away deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me or 'Lizabeth Ann.
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy, Raggedy, Raggedy Man.

The Raggedy Man one time when he
Wus makin' a little brown 'orry for me,
Says, "When you're big like your Pa is,
Are you goin' to keep a fine store like his,
An' be a rich merchunt, an' wear fine clothes?
Ei, what you are goin' to be, goodness knows."
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabeth Ann.
An' I says, "M' go to be a Raggedy Man,
I'm jist go to be a nice Raggedy Man,
Raggedy, Raggedy, Raggedy Man."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

SON JOUR DE NOCE

AH ! mon Dieu ! quelle journée. Marie, êtes-vous, bien sûre que tout est emballé ? Mon manteau de voyage ? Merci, merci. Marie, n'avez vous pas oublié des réseaux pour mes cheveux ? bien, bien, merci, merci. On ne peut pas se les procurer sur un bateau, et c'est alors qu'on en a le plus besoin. Oh ! la, la, et dire qu'après tout, je suis obligée de me marier dans mon costume de voyage, et dans une si grande hâte ; et cela parceque le régiment de Julien doit partir pour Madagascar dans trois jours. Je doute que ce soit permis de se marier en toilette de voyage—pas d'invites, pas de cadeaux, et pas de demoiselles d'honneur. Qu'ils sont désagréables au ministère de la guerre—ils l'ont fait à dessin, ils le savaient très bien, ils devaient savoir que nous voulions nous marier à notre aise le mois prochain. Tant pis, le commandant en chef trouvera qu'il s'est trompé cette fois ci. Tiens, il est midi et demie, et Julien doit être à l'église à une heure. Je suis prête, Dieu merci, je me suis toujours fait attendre, parceque je crois qu'un homme vous apprécie beaucoup plus grand enfin vous arrivez. Pauvre Julien, je l'ai fait attendre pendant deux ans—mais ce n'était pas tout-a-fait de ma faute, je ne pouvais de mon tuteur, et pourtant, il savait combien j'aimais Julien. Mais cette aujourd'hui je lui ai fermement promis d'être à l'heure. Pauvre garçon, il a en tant de peine pour obtenir quelques

heures de congé, et il doit être rentré au Havre à trois heures juste. Julien dit qu'un lieutenant a son devoir envers son régiment. Oh ! J'aime un homme qui met son devoir avant tout. Oh ! mon bien aimé, et il est si beau. Voilà la sonnette ! est-ce la voiture ? pas encore pour sûr, ce n'est qu'une course de dix minutes, et je me sens si agitée. Oh, ce n'est pas la voiture j'en suis bien aisé. Comment ? un télégramme, donnez le moi, merci. Je ne connais pas l'écriture—des félicitations ? Mais je croyais que personne ne le savais, tout a été si précipité. "Ne venez pas." Ne venez pas ? Ne venez pas ! Que veut dire cela—"Trop tard, Julien." Mais qu'est ce que cela signifie, c'est "trop tard." Oh ! je comprends, Julien n'a pu obtenir la permission de quitter le Havre et nous ne pouvons nous marier. Où est mon mouchoir ? Et Julien partira à Madagascar, et je ne le verrai pas pour des années, et des années—et il devra combattre les sauvages, de vilains hommes, noirs à moitié vêtus, et il sera blessé, et tué, et s'il est tué, il sera mort, et je ne serais jamais la femme de Julien. Je ne pourrai jamais aimer un autre homme, jamais, jamais, si même je vis jusqu'à cent ans, je l'aimerai toute ma vie. Mais c'est étrange, le télégramme vient de la gare du nord—gare du nord 12.10. Donc Julien est à la gare du nord, Julien est à Paris, il a eu sa permission du Havre. Ça ne peut-être, et pourtant c'est ainsi. Julien est à Paris et nous ne pouvons nous marier. Qu'est-il arrivé ? C'est trop tard. Je sais ce que c'est, je le comprends clairement. C'est le régiment, et son devoir envers le régiment. Devoir ! Combien je hais ce mot—un homme qui doit se marier n'a pas de devoirs. Oh, c'est encore arrivé, il n'y a qu'une quinzaine de jours. Julien refusa de m'accompagner à une matinée, parcequ'il devait être l'arbitre des sports du régiment. Il disait que c'était son devoir.

Ha, ha, son devoir de ne pas accompagner sa fiancée à une matinée, mais aujourd'hui qu'il ne devrait penser à rien, à rien qu'à moi seule. Il préfère le régiment ! Oh ! quel outrage ! quel insulte ! Mais personne ne saura combien je souffre. Ah non ! je sais cacher mon chagrin moi, je ne suis pas la femme qui abimera ses yeux pour un homme, même si cet homme est Julien. Et qu'elle lâcheté d'attendre à la dernière minute et envoyer un télégramme—un détestable télégramme de 50 centimes au moment que je suis habillée et prête pour partir. Mais je ne garderai cette toilette un autre instant. Marie, prenez mon chapeau, j'ai changé d'avis, je ne me marie pas, je ne veux pas me marier. Je le hais, je le hais ! Et ce télégramme—non—je ne le déchirerai pas, je le garderai toujours, je vais le faire encadrer avec le portrait de Julien, et je le regarderai chaque jour de ma vie—alors je n'oublierai jamais, jamais quel égoïste, quel monstre cruel un homme peut-être—et si laid ; ne venez pas ! (tristement). Quelle honte ! Après tout ce que Julien m'a dit !—après m'avoir supplier de l'accompagner à Madagascar ! Après m'avoir juré qu'il ne pouvait vivre sans moi ! Après s'être jeté à mes genoux (riant) ayant l'air si bête, mais si grand—si beau ! Après m'avoir suppliée d'être à l'heure à l'église, après tout cela “ ne venez pas.” Non, je n'irai pas. La voiture ? vous pouvez la renvoyer, j'ai changé d'avis, je ne vais me marier. Je n'irai pas maintenant, même si Julien venait genoux de Havre. Je ne suis pas une poupée. “ Ne venez pas trop tard, Julien.” Comment ? “ Ne venez pas trop tard ! ” Quoi ! En effet je suis toujours en retard. Il veut dire ne venez pas trop tard—mais, mais. Oh ! que c'est bien cela. Oh, mon bien cher Julien—que je suis sotte. Pour sûr que je ne serai pas trop tard ! Oh, mon Dieu ! il est une heure moins dix—donc je serais en retard—Marie,

demandez la voiture, je l'aurai besoin, j'ai changé d'idée, je vais me marier. Dire que je pleure toutes mes larmes, et que mon bien aimé Julien m'attend pour faire de moi la femme la plus heureuse du monde. Oh Julien, mon Julien, je ne veux pas vous faire attendre pour tout l'or di Peru. Marie, j'arrive, j'arrive ; dites au cocher d'aller aussi rapidement que possible. Oh ! je serai très, très, très en retard.

From the English of CLARENCE ROOKE

I have found it almost impossible to obtain in England monologues in the French tongue, and I have been told that the demand for such does not warrant the expense of publication. I venture, however, to print this translation of "The Telegram," as I think—from my experience as a teacher—it may meet the requirements of a certain number of reciters.

A. H.

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